MUSTER

1952

McNULTY

MUSTER 1952
MASSACHUSETTS MARITIME

ACADEMY BUZZARDS BAY

DEDICATION

It is with a deep sense of pride that we come to dedicate our yearbook. For it is now that we wish to pay tribute to a man who has given us the utmost of his time and energy. To Mr. Harrington, alone, do we owe our many fond memories of recreation and sportsmanship. We thank him sincerely as our coach, as our instructor, as our friend.

28
25

NAVY DEPARTMENT
OFFICE OF THE CHIEF OF NAVAL OPERATIONS
WASHINGTON 25, D. C.

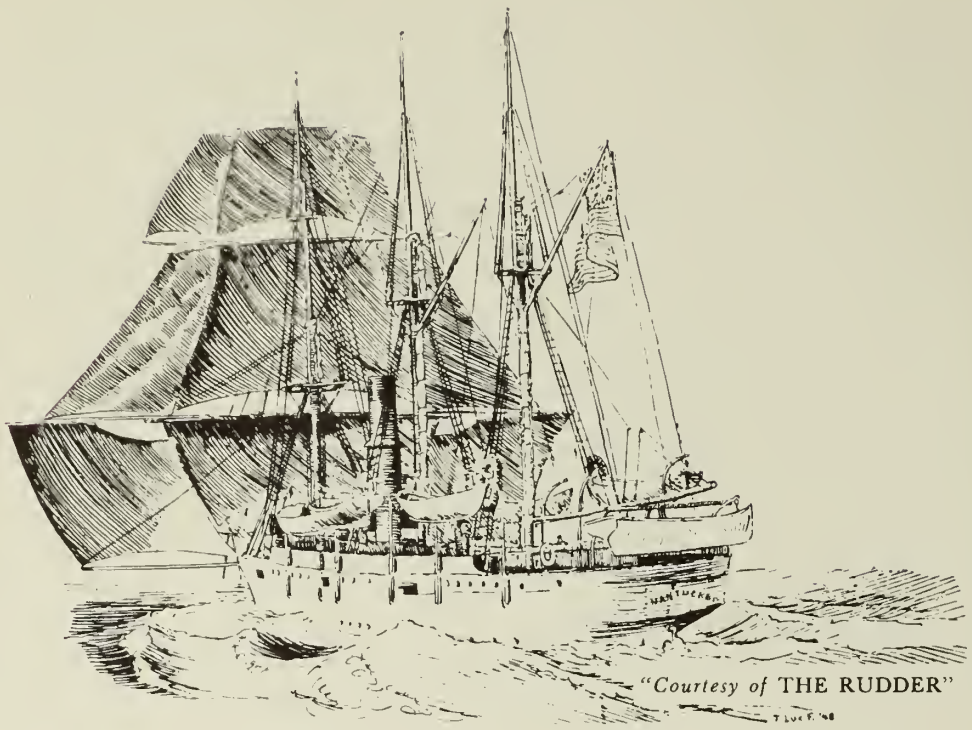
Statement:

During wartime the Navy relies heavily on the Naval Reserve. You young men who train to become officers of our Merchant Marine contribute immeasurably to the ready value of the Reserve forces, for you are, in fact, an indispensable part of our fighting potential. You have chosen an exacting and honorable career. The officers and men of the Navy join me in wishing you well on the occasion of your graduation and of all the increased responsibilities which go with it.

Forrest P. Sherman

FORREST P. SHERMAN
Admiral, United States Navy
Chief of Naval Operations

— HISTORY OF THE ACADEMY —



"*Courtesy of* THE RUDDER"

Almost a century has passed since our country began to look to the sea for her livelihood. In the year of 1891, the Commonwealth of Massachusetts became one of the first states in the nation to provide the Merchant Marine with able officers.

In this year the Mass. Nautical School, fore-runner of the present day Mass. Maritime Academy, was established. Her first training ship was the bark "Enterprise" which for 16 years served as the instrument which helped to train young men in their future profession. Thoroughly familiar with the ways of the sea, these men went on to serve their country well in peace and in war.

In 1909 a new ship, the barkentine "Ranger" later renamed the "Nantucket," succeeded in the tradition which by now was somewhat world renown. The "Nancy" made many world cruises planting the seeds of friendship in the many ports she touched..

Then the modern age was upon us. It was an age of industrialization hastened to a climax by the first World War. When it was over there followed an interim of desolation and depression. Despite attempts to abolish the school the proud canvas of the old Nantucket for two more decades continued to cross the oceans of the world. Then there was Pearl Harbor. A black cloud encircled the world and — war again. To keep pace with the increasing demand for Merchant Officers our school established a shore base at Hyannis and shortened the course.

After the war the authorities lengthened the courses to three years and a college degree was awarded to graduates. The Massachusetts Maritime Academy, as it was now called, in 1948 acquired the gunboat Charleston. In an effort to bring ship and school together the Academy was moved to Buzzards Bay where the ship was berthed. Plans are now being drawn up for the enlargement of facilities at the State Pier.

It is our sincere belief that so long as America maintains its Merchant Marine the Academy will produce the finest of officers to uphold the traditions of Massachusetts as a state of seafarers.

ADMINISTRATION

SUPERINTENDENT

REAR ADMIRAL JULIAN D. WILSON USN (RETIRED)

After a long and distinguished service in the navy, Admiral Wilson was appointed Superintendent in 1949. Since his arrival he has earned the respect and admiration of all connected with the Academy. His interest in our social and athletic endeavors as well as our academic activities has shown itself in the position the Academy now holds in the maritime and educational fields.

The Commonwealth of Massachusetts

Department of Education

Massachusetts Maritime Academy

Hyannis

From: The Superintendent
To: The Class of 1952

Subj: Congratulations and best wishes.

1. You are about to leave us, ready to test the tools we have given you during your time aboard the Charleston-- tools of knowledge, of professional competence, of high personal standards.

2. I have watched you through your three years, growing from boys uncertain of your worth to men sure in your ability and understanding.

3. Many have gone before you, to serve in ships of peace and of war, equipped with these same tools which we have given you. They have acquitted themselves well; they deserve well of their school.

4. I know that you also will steer a sure, wise course through our troubled world; and therefore I wish you every succes in your profession and particularly the deep satisfaction of a job well done.

Respectfully,

Julian D. Wilson

Julian D. Wilson
Rear Admiral, USN (Retired)

BOARD OF COMMISSIONERS

© FABIAN BACHRACH

CAPTAIN CHARLES H. HURLEY

© FABIAN BACHRACH

ARTHUR C. SULLIVAN

S. PHILLIP JASON

Board of Visitors

Walcott Ames, *President,* Barnstable County National Bank
John J. Halloran, *Vice-President,* Sprague Steamship Company
John Desmond, *Commissioner of Education*
Warren B. Nott, *Superintendent* of Machinery and Trial Engineer, Bethlehem Steel Company, Fore River
Captain Norman L. Queen, USMS, *Supervisor,* State Maritime Academies, Federal Maritime Board

EXECUTIVE OFFICER

CAPTAIN JOHN W. THOMPSON, USMS

Executive Officer of the Academy and Commanding Officer of the Charleston, Captain Thompson has become a tradition at the Academy. Since 1912, he has served at various times in every administrative capacity. He attained his present post in 1941.

NAVIGATION AND SEAMANSHIP

Commander
RICHARD T. ROUNDS, USNR
Navigation, Meteorology

Commander
LOUIS A. WOODLAND, USNR
Communications, Ship Construction,
Navigation

Lieutenant Commander
WILLIAM J. CONNORS, USNR
Seamanship, Rules of the Road,
Rules of S.I.

DEPARTMENT

Lieutenant
PAUL G. HIRST, USMS
Admiralty Law, Cargo Stowage,
Ship Operation

Lieutenant
LUCIAN T. PAGE, USMS
Maintenance Officer

Chief Boatswain
ARTHUR G. BRENNER, MMA
Practical Seamanship

ACADEMIC DEPARTMENT

Lieutenant Commander
RICHARD P. HODSON, USNR
Economics, Maritime History,
Economic Geography,
Mechanical Drawing

Lieutenant
ADMONT G. CLARK, USCG
English Literature, Composition

Lieutenant (J.G.)
LEE HARRINGTON, USNR
Mathematics, Athletic Director

Lieutenant
CHARLES L. JAILLET, MMA
Spanish, U.S. in World History

Lieutenant
ALVIN ANTEEN, MMA
Supply Officer

Ensign
WILLIAM T. NEVILLE, USNR
Physics, Chemistry

JOSEPH T. BOYLE M.D.
Ship Surgeon

ENGINEERING DEPARTMENT

LT. COMDR. JAMES M. MURRAY, USNR

Mr. Murray, our Chief Engineer, through his tireless efforts has imbued in us a well rounded knowledge of turbines and recips. His friendly attitude and his daily greeting of "Good Morning, Men" showed his deep concern for us. We the class of '52 wish to express our thanks to Mr. Murray and wish him continued success in the years to come.

Lieutenant Commander
WILLIAM H. HEMMERLY, USNR
Electricity, Refrigeration,
Auxiliaries

Lieutenant
JAMES D. CROSBY, USNR
Diesels, Steam

Lieutenant (J.G.)
SAMUEL L. CLOGSTON, USMS
Steam, Boilers,
Rules and Regulations

NAVAL SCIENCE DEPARTMENT

Lieutenant Commander
EDWIN L. KYTE, USN
Naval Sciences

Lieutenant
LESTER L. KIMBLE, USN
Naval Ordnance and Gunnery

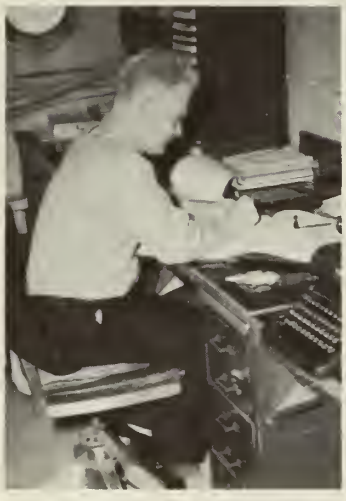
Lieutenant (J.G.)
LINCOLN J. SPEED, USN
Naval Orientation

SHIP'S COMPANY

Custer, G. L., Mach.

Stewart, E. H., Seaman

Currie, J. W., Mach.
MacLeod, A. E., Fireman



Coghlan, R. G., PClerk

Cahill, C., Storekeeper

Tassinari, A. P., Pharm.

Hamby, F., Chief G.M.
Carew, Chief G.M.

Raymond, R. V., Seaman

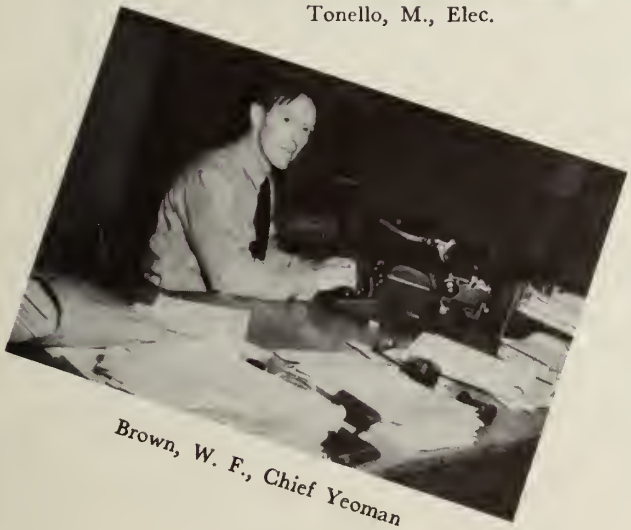
Coffee Time

Fitzgerald, J. F., Cook Zarate, H. F., Cook

Raymond, C. L., Seaman Selfe, B. W., Carp.
Tribou, A. N., Seaman

Tonello, M., Elec.

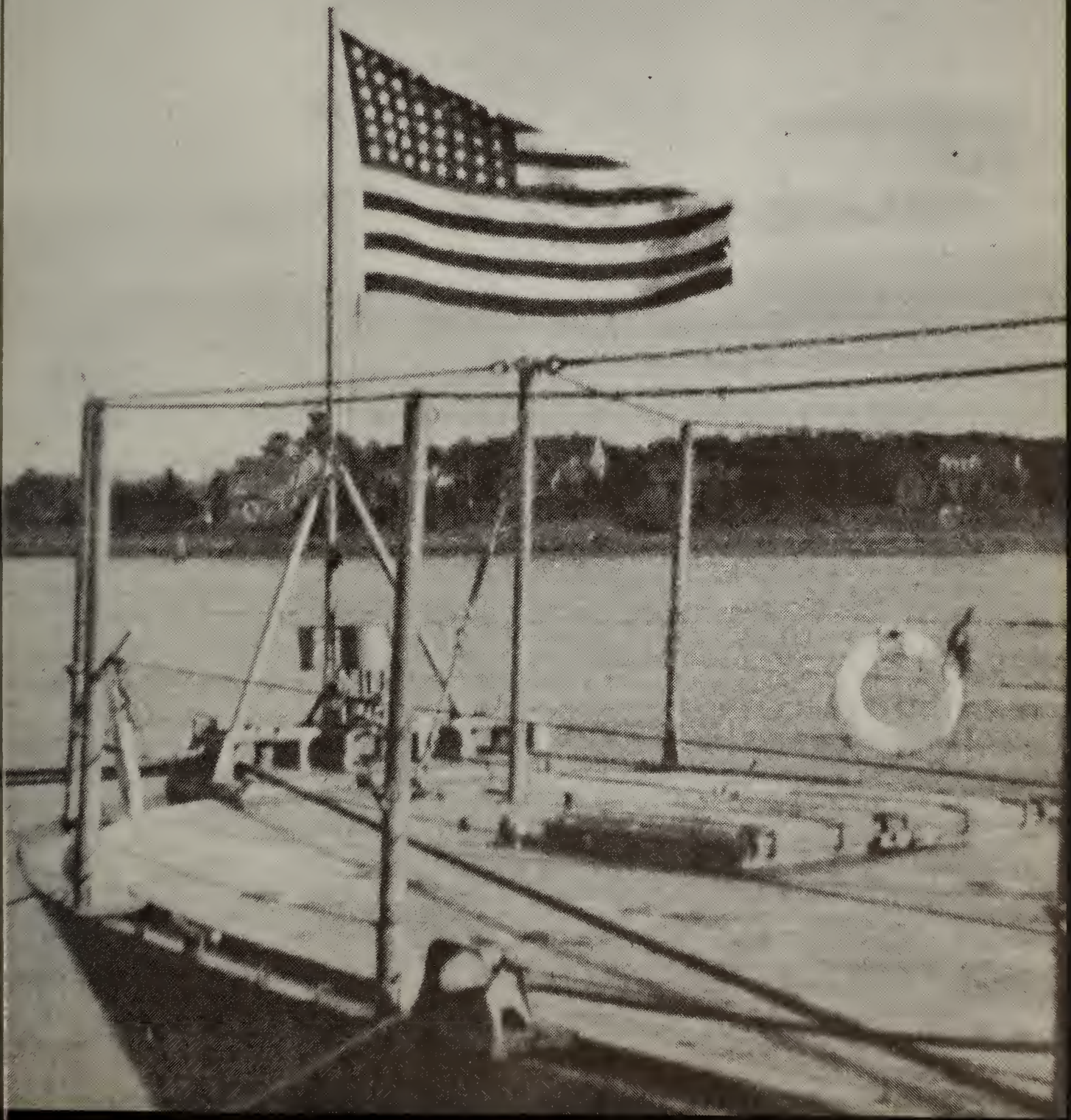
McPherson, R. A., Mach.



Brown, W. F., Chief Yeoman

Avencena, M., Cook Cullen, Chef

FIRST CALL TO MUSTER...



COMPANY COMMANDER

PAUL J. DAVIDSON
Cape Cod Ave., Manomet
Company Commander, Class Vice Pres., Basketball Captain, Propeller Club.

The "Manomet Flamingo" alighted on the Chun and was soon destined to become leader of the flock. Paul's ability to set the shining example affected many of us. His ardor for "Fried Eggs" was only excelled for his earnest desire for the Kiwi Co.'s prosperity. All jesting aside, the "Skipper's" ability to pilot our class will long remain in our memories. His valiant attempts at controlling Rolo and vain cries of "Let's get some sleep, fellows" are long to be remembered.

COMPANY ADJUTANT

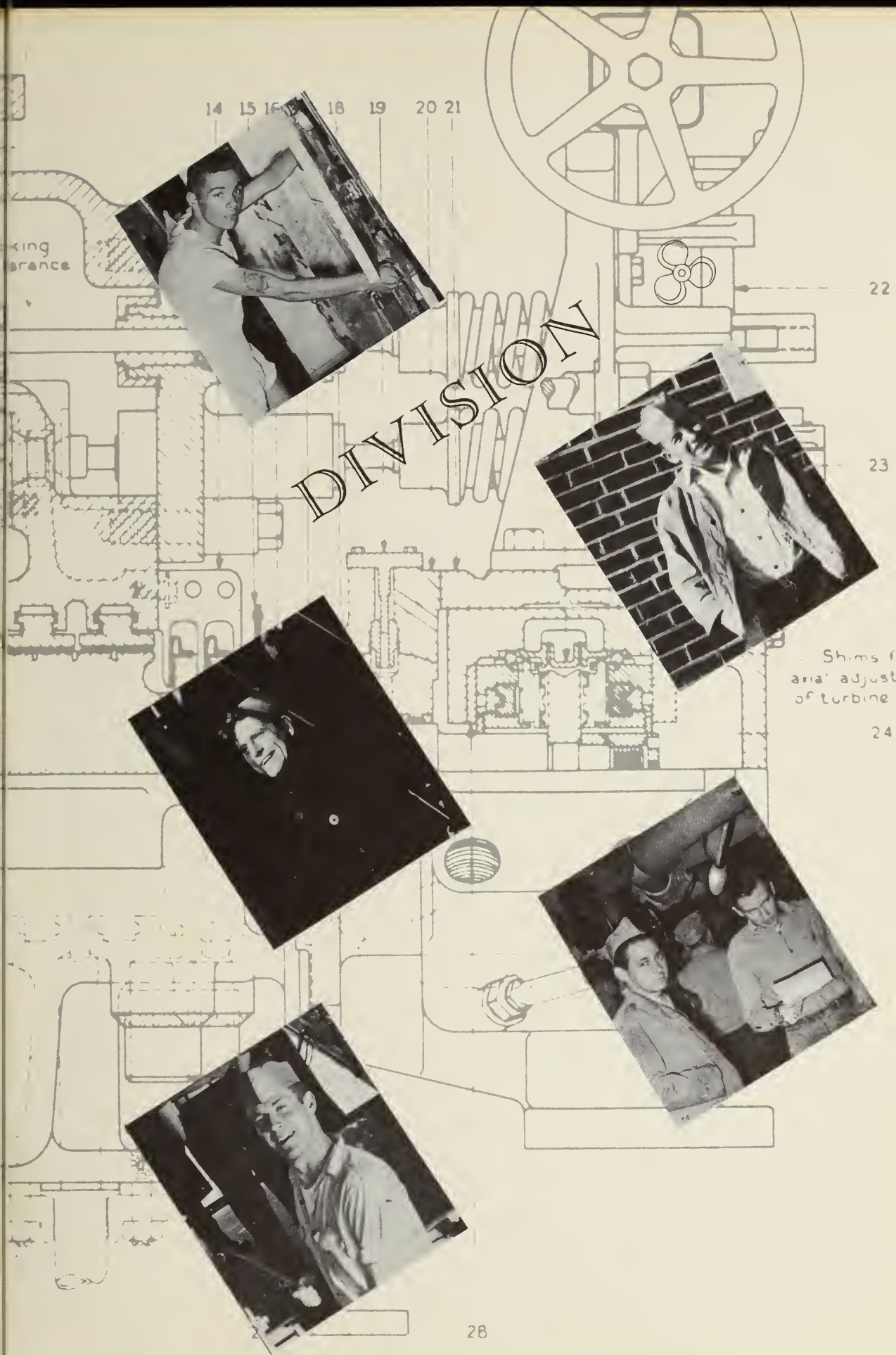
Archy, taller member of the Polish duet, swaggered down route #28 from Taunton. His "Take-it-as-it-comes-and-if-it-doesn't-come, go-get-it" attitude caused his reputation as a cruise Lothario. Ed's romantic prowess was matched by his ability as a seaman and navigator, as his three stripes soon proved. A good organizer and leader of "young men", Ski could never see why 3rd classmen wouldn't "put their hearts in it". An easy-going nature and a ready ability to learn should carry Archy far as a deck officer.

EDWARD A. ARCIKOWSKI
48 No. Pleasant St., Taunton

Company Adjutant, Propeller Club.

Crossover

MACHINERY


14 15 16 18 19 20 21
22
DIVISION
23
Shims for
axial adjustment
of turbine rotor
24

DONALD J. FLYNN

39 Lockeland Ave., Arlington

Class President, Cadet Lieut., Football, Baseball, Basketball Mgr., Propeller Club.

After tiring of a lifetime of being chased by women, the Skipper of the Mallabarre II decided to give the troops a break and join our ranks. "Loadstone's" magnetic personality was soon felt by us all. Don's hat, though often mistaken for the running boat by Lopaus, still managed to keep it's salty 50-mission-crush and was a familiar sight in the fireroom. Many times on nights before a big dance his famous "Don't worry, I'll get a girl to go" brought screams of laughter from the troops. Because of his vast store of mechanical ability and sea lore we were not surprised to see this "Marblehead Boilerman" become the able leader of "M" division.

WILLIAM F. FITZPATRICK

5 Shirley St., West Concord

Football, Baseball, Cadet Petty Officer, Propeller Club.

A big PINK bubble of personality popped over the Academy one day and out jumped "Fitzie." The triple-play ability of No. 6 soon became a legend in the minds of our opposition. Many times Pinky's questions extracted squeals of joy from Omar. His fans cheered him on with "That's right Fitzpatrick, you're wrong again." His sparkling personality and earnestness gained him a place close to all our hearts during our term at M.M.A.

NATHAN C. HOLWAY

60 Westmoreland Ave., Longmeadow

Propeller Club, Century Club,

"Nate's" closeness to the Captain was evident by their frequent "tête-a-têtes" at 1330 . . . "There will be a Holway N. C. for the following named man." "Bot's" antics with "Needle" and "Brow" were overshadowed only by his affection for a certain "Nice Old Man." After receiving his masters degree in "Tonsorial Art", the barber of the Atlantic proceeded to become one of M.M.A.'s most notorious dealers in CO2.

RICHARD F. HUBBELL

119 Birds Hill Ave., Needham

Propeller Club.

"They are all just like trolleys; if you miss one, catch the next one." That's our "Cal". Between cross country treks, "Dear John's", and dreams of Florida deals Humphrey searched in vain for a flat soled shoe. However, this cute little fellow with the shiny cheeks through his untiring efforts in the machine shop did manage to acquire that coveted rate of crossed stilsons.

DAVID P. LOPAUS

49 Ocean Ave., No. Weymouth

Band, Propeller Club.

Immediately following his graduation from the Canteen, "Mighty Mouse" left his "Alpine hat and rustic sword" to begin his escapades with the big boys. which was bigger — Dave or that red hot sax? One of his numerous conflicts with "Stoop" almost put Dave out of commission and his heart-to-heart talks with "Chippy" oft-times resulted in near riots. One full week Dave managed to tear himself away from June to put his engineering ability to use on the Massachusetts Highway System. His aggressiveness will carry him far in anything he chooses to do.

JOHN T. O'DONNEL

35 Saint Agatha Rd., Milton

Propeller Club President

The "Old Warrior" could often be seen on hot summer weekends clunking down the Neponset with a "beverage" in one hand and tiller in the other. We are eternally grateful to the Seabees for giving John to us to fill in the position of arbitrator in many a hot argument. Though he is a close friend of the "Straps" we have our doubts as to whether O'D. will ever be an ambassador to Spain. His ability to become scarce at 1530 was overshadowed only by his good common sense and know-how. We will never forget John, for he gave us so much and asked so little.

DONALD C. PRATT

21 Palmyra St., Winthrop

Muster Staff, Propeller Club.

"All right, who's the section leader here?" Between looking for chalk, erasers, and going crazy trying to set the troops in alphabetical order for Naval Sci., "Needly" was forced to spend mucho weekends away from Jean because of his loyalty to the boys. A member of the infamous "Uncles", he could always be counted upon to have "T" deals lined up with "Bottly". A good man with the books and more so on watch, his sense of humor and subtle wit will carry him far.

GEORGE H. TORREY

53 Wachusett Rd., North Weymouth

Propeller Club

Hey, anybody seen George? The "Jungle Boy" worked his way from the steam table to the life-raft in short order. The "Prince's" love for the sea was slightly one-sided. Many found him with only a bucket for his buddy. As the "Professor of the stall," George slid into his "upperjob" duties easily and the "Rabble Rousers" soon persuaded him to join up wif' the boys. His many accomplishments prove that life holds no terrors for George.

DAVID A. WILKINSON

206 Oak St., Indian Orchard

Propeller Club.

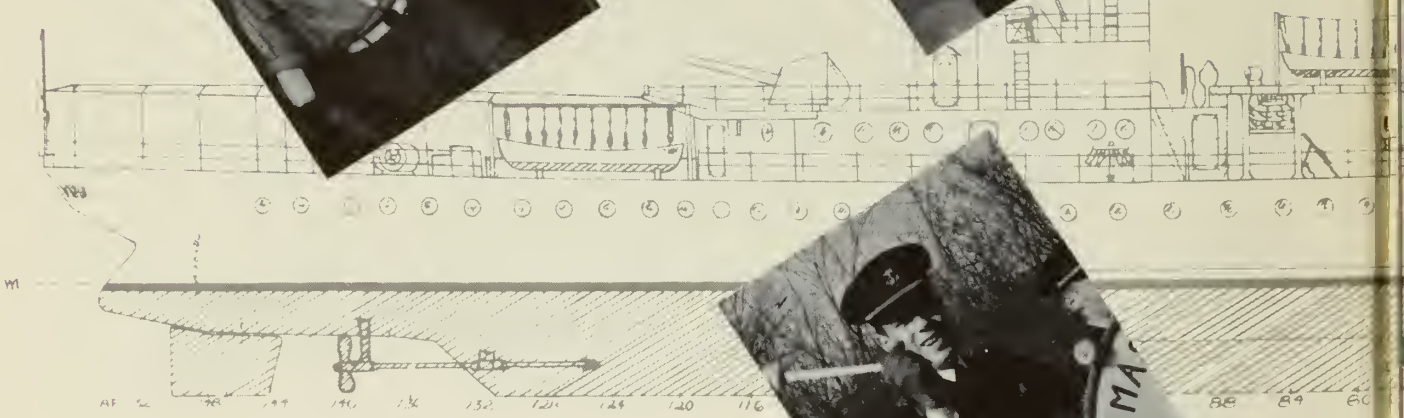
Back in the saddle again. Hey, "Chippy" what was that faint glow coming from your sack last night? Studying again? Naw, I was writing to Lynn. Anyone's idea of the perfect student, Will was the uncrowned example of propriety at M.M.A. Though his first glimpse of the sea was from the main deck of the Chun, the pride of Indian Orchard won a place for himself in our hearts and the respect due to a guy who was in every sense a shipmate.

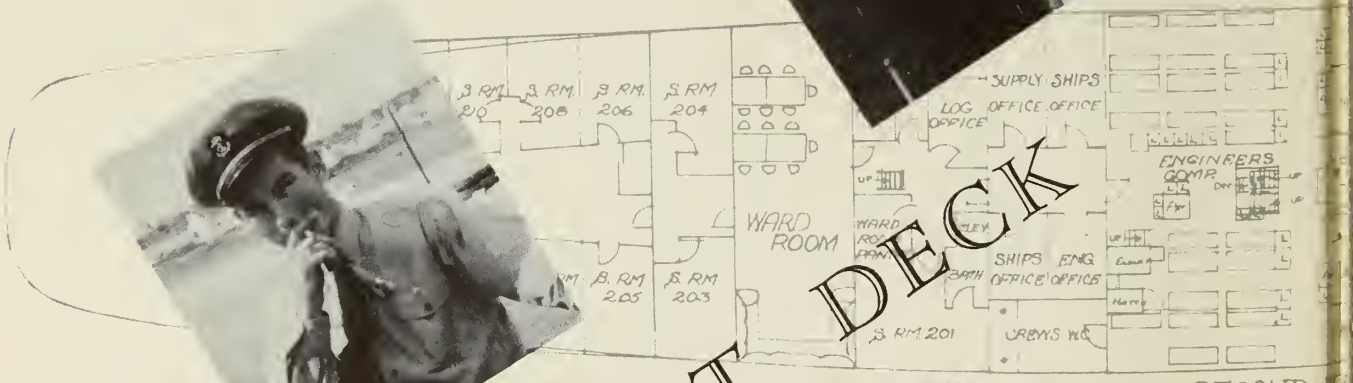
SECOND CLASS

Mycue, F. I.; Sullivan, H. J.; Toner, J. P.; Maher, C. H. Jr.; Leigh, J. H.; Hankey, F. F. Jr.; Fink, H. W.; Dionne, P. S.

THIRD CLASS

Hoekstra, A. A.; Wetzell, H. B.; Larson, R. E.; Tennant, J. S.; Dupuis, P. A.; Horrigan, J. W.; Brady, F. J.; Shea, R. P.





FIRST DECK

SECOND

MACHINERY

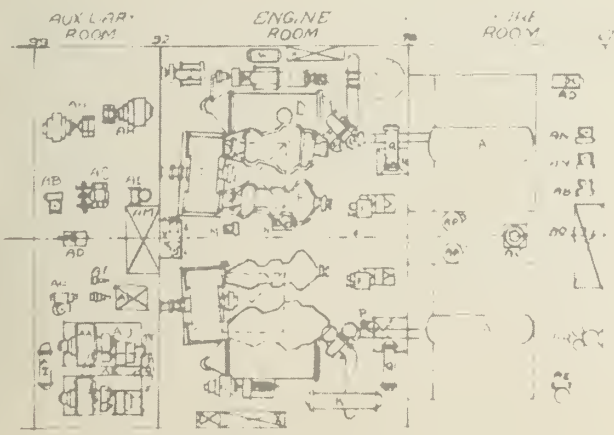
Boilers	Number	2
	Type	Yarrow Express Type - Oil Burning
	Working Pressure	230 Lbs per Square Inch
Turbines	Number	6 (2 HP, 2 IP, 2 Astern)
	Type	Transmitting Impulse Reaction — Loaded Reaction — Astern Impulse
	R.P.M.	3000
Tanks	Fuel Oil Capacity	117,074 Gal
	Fresh Water Can	16,931 Gal

TO ENGINEERING SPACES

X	L.C. Mess
Y	Oil Fuel
	Diesel Oil
AA	Lubricating
AB	L.O. Filter
AC	Flushing
AD	F.C. Tank
AE	Fuel Oil
AF	Diesel Oil
AG	Diesel Oil
AH	Motor Gear
AI	Lubricating
AJ	Lubricating
AK	Lubricating
AL	Lubricating
AM	Sump Tank
AN	F.C. Service
AO	L.O. Feed
AP	Forced Draft
AQ	Boat Release
AR	Emergency

	Diesel Generator
V	L.O. Settling Tank
W	Fuel Oil Service

DIVISION



ENGINEERING SPACES

ROGER P. MINVILLE

Gardner's Neck Rd., So. Swansea

Cadet Lieut., Propeller Club.

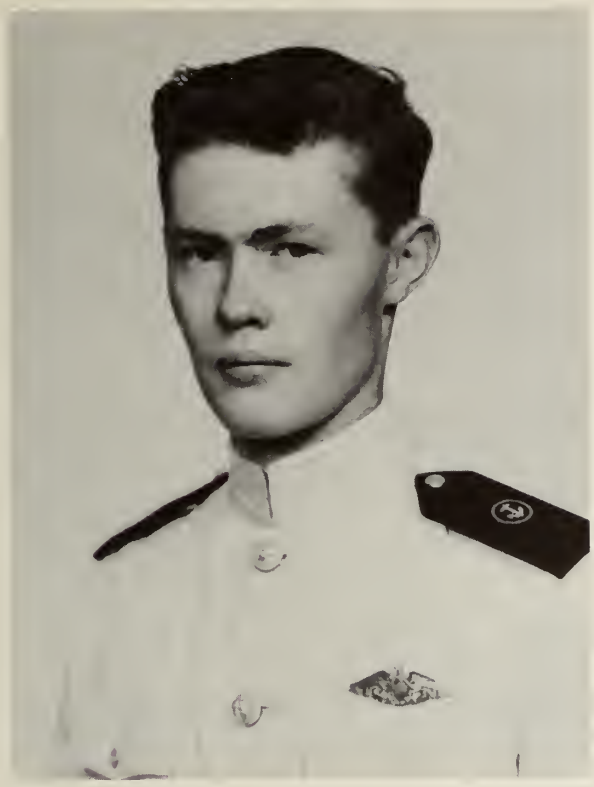
The first time that we became acutely conscious of the 'Rock' was in the eternal city. Here, in the cardboard gardens, he agilely demonstrated his acrobatic attributes on the end of a service cord. Minnie is undoubtedly the best seaman in the class of '52. Most of us will remember him for those phenomenal study habits and amazing powers of concentration in raucous study halls. When not pressing barbells, studying, or taking a shower to admire his tattoos, Roger could be found in a horizontal position somewhere in first division spaces dreaming of velvet Panamanian nights. In retrospect, how can Minnie fail to succeed?

CHARLES E. RODEN

10 Sycamore St., Somerville

Cadet Ensign, Editor-in-Chief of Muster, Basketball, Propeller Club.

What can't Charlie do and do well? To enumerate his faults, we'd be lucky if we used all the fingers on one hand (not including the thumb). Who contributed more to the yearbook, studies, intramural sports and the first division? No one! Chuck never hit it off too well with the Master-at-arms until the Ring Dance rolled around. From then on they were the best of friends. Must have something in common! Poor defenseless Dick White has stood up admirably under the onslaught of this fiery redhead. All the taunts thrown in the battle would be enough to terrify anyone less staunch than these two. Charlie's varied arguments with Whity have enlivened many an evening.



JOHN H. CASWELL

5 Dumbarton St., Andover

Muster Staff, Cadet Petty Officer, Propeller Club.

"Where are my sunglasses and sword belt? I've got liberty today." Fresh from a tour of duty on the Kearsarge with the United States Navy, John drifted down the canal from Andover. Frequent trips to "Happy Hampton" on rare weekends enhanced the young but full life of the charter member of the Supper Club. J. Harrison combined a wonderful personality with a good mind to become a rate in the first division, and an outstanding maker of seaman. Good luck to Jack in the Navy.

WILLIAM C. CALKINS

Pitcher St. Marion

Band, Color Guard, Propeller Club

A strong love for the canine and a mania for the schizophrenic made "The Dog" one of our most interesting and well-liked compatriots. But he really is quite sane after all. Wherever Bill goes — Norton, Fall River, or Beacon Hill — a ready smile and a quick "No!" greet him. We shall never forget the old tankerman and his stories from under the Red Sea sun. The Hooligan Navy and the 5:17 home from Woods Hole await our friend — and may it never be late.

RAYMOND F. HIGGINS

103 Russett Rd., West Roxbury

Football, Muster Staff, Band, Propeller Club, Century Club.

The big question still remains as to why the O.D. wasn't invited to Ray's midsummer soiree. In spite of the oversight he did manage to put in a grand if only brief appearance. Probably the most versatile of our athletes, the boy from West 'By God' Roxbury, proved a real class man representing us in every part of the intramural setup. Good luck to a real friend who just wouldn't phaze.

JAMES B. RYAN

32 Orchard St., Jamaica Plain

Propeller Club.

Jim Ryan! Where is he? In his bunk, naturally, Jamie's ambition is to have more hours of sleep under his belt than any other living person. More commonly known as the "Young man's friend", he was well-liked by everyone. Half the youngies never got to know his name, while the other half only saw him occasionally at check musters. He was also a charter member of the Supper Club. Sailing was Jim's only outside love. All his summer liberties were spent on the brine in any type of sailing craft. J.B. was a very good-natured guy, always willing to loan out his money even to the breaking point. He was a good shipmate and a fine friend.

PAUL T. SHORTELL

6 Brown St., Salem

Muster Staff, Band, Propeller Club.

The other half of the infamous Shortell-Wilsing duo, Paul hides a keen mind and a sharp wit under a most blank and innocent face. Unfortunately, 'Lips' has been noted since his arrival for a discouraging habit of signing his name. The class will never forget P.T.'s proficiency in undertaking the perplexities of fire control, nor will they forget the famous blackboard art any spare study period would call forth. The loss of Paul to the band will be a serious one, although he leaves behind those monogrammed cymbals.

ANTHONY S. ZIELINSKI JR.

555 Ashely Blvd., New Bedford

Football, Century Club, Propeller Club.

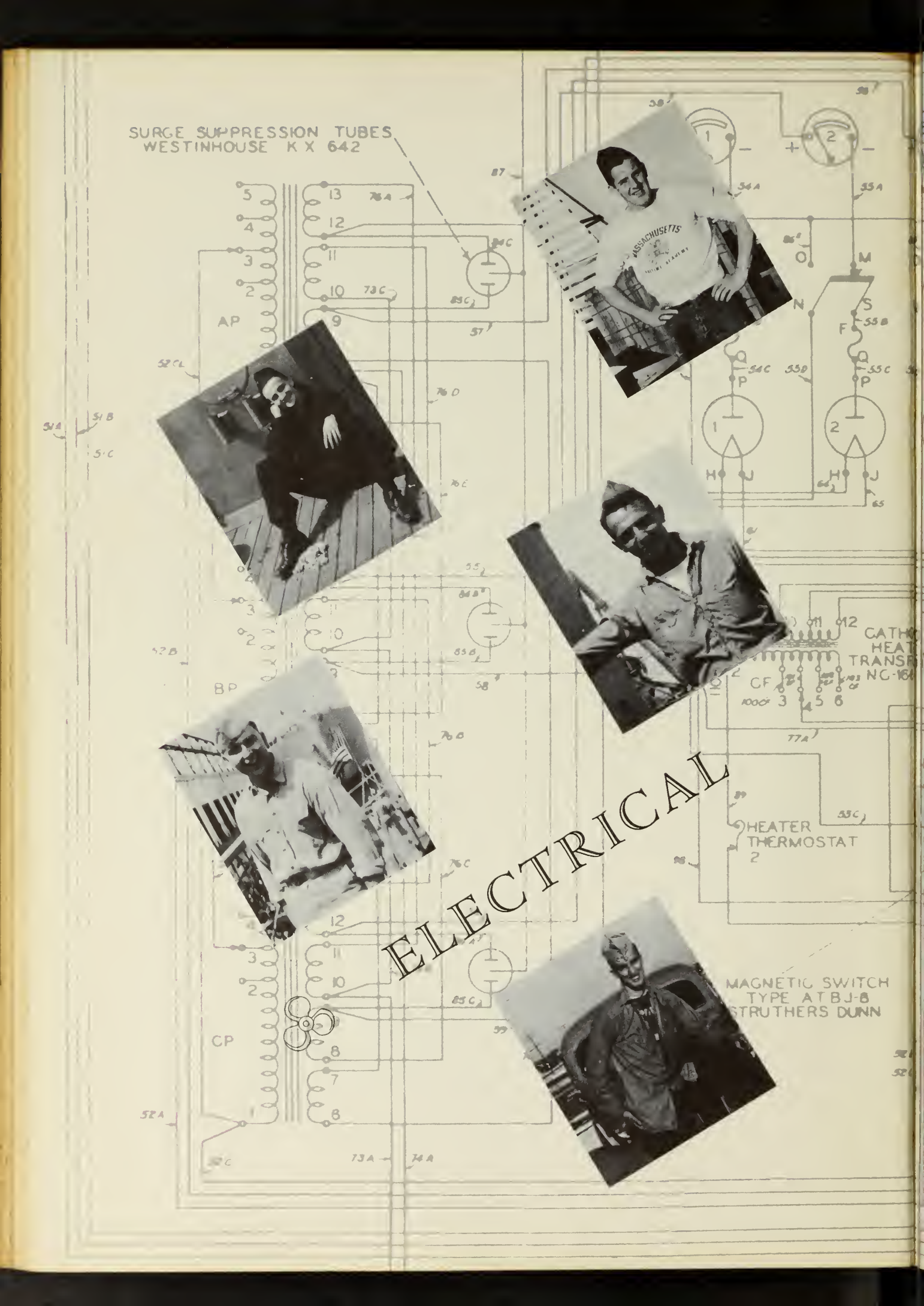
Always the first with the "word", Tony has led the class in the expiration of sheer energy for its sake alone. When you want a thing done tell "Ski", get him interested, and stand back. A Dealer from the first day at the Academy, this New Bedford boy has proven himself valuable whenever a reliable hand is needed. Though somewhat shy in presenting his views on a subject, he was military in every sense of the word, an authority on anything ranging from the Manual of Arms to the strategic maneuvers of "The Desert Fox." With his quiet and understanding manner he will go far in his profession.

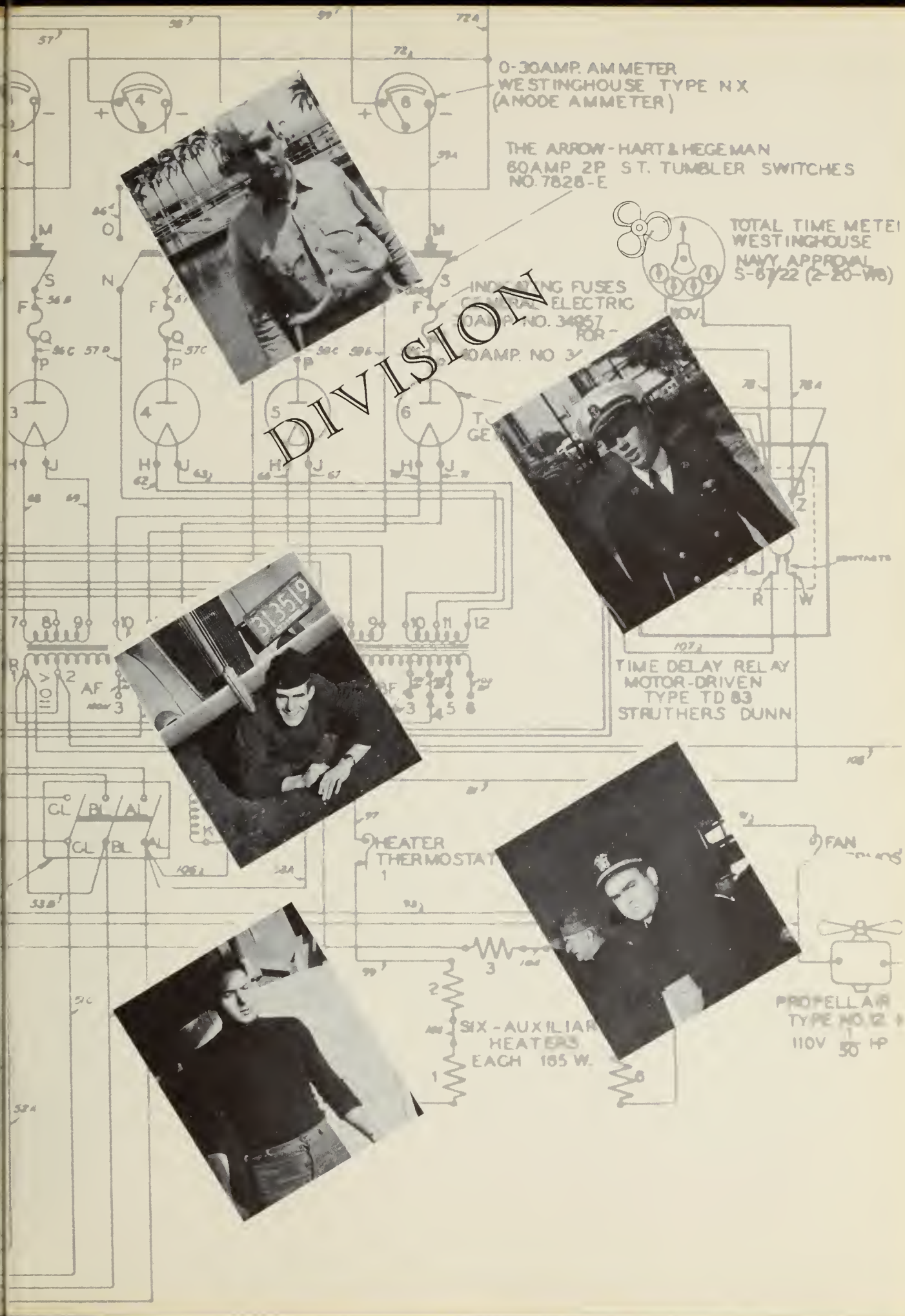
SECOND CLASS

Werndli, W. W.; Slattery, R. E.; Kenyon, A. R., Jr.; Fulton, F. D.; Harrington, J. D.; Wotton, R. M.; Wickens, D. E.; Wilson, J. A.; Dennis, B. E.

THIRD CLASS

MacLeod, M. W.; Chapman, E. F.; Ward, H. P.; O'Brien, J. H., Jr.; Healy, B. E., Jr.; Hurley, R. C.; Baldwin, E. P.; Brubaker, R.; Brown, D. P., Jr.; Mackintire, R. W.; Butler, F. M.; Missing: Barry, C. F.


SURGE SUPPRESSION TUBES
WESTINHOUSE K X 642
AP
BP
CP
HEATER
THERMOSTAT
2
MAGNETIC SWITCH
TYPE AT BJ-8
STRUTHERS DUNN
ELECTRICAL


0-30AMP. AMMETER
WESTINGHOUSE TYPE NX
(ANODE AMMETER)
THE ARROW-HART & HEGEMAN
60AMP 2P ST. TUMBLER SWITCHES
NO. 7828-E
TOTAL TIME METER
WESTINGHOUSE
NAVY APPROVAL
S-6722 (2-20-W6)
INDICATING FUSES
GENERAL ELECTRIC
NO. 34957
FOR -
30AMP. NO 3
DIVISION
TIME DELAY RELAY
MOTOR-DRIVEN
TYPE TD 83
STRUTHERS DUNN
HEATER
THERMOSTAT
FAN
SIX-AUXILIARY
HEATERS
EACH 185 W.
PROPELLAIR
TYPE NO. 12
110V
1/30 HP

ROBERT C. FARMER

169 College St., Worcester

Muster Staff, Dance Committee, Cadet Lieut., Propeller Club.

After ricocheting off College Hill and rolling over the gangway "Cueball" made his appearance with a bottle of hair tonic in hand. "Fanny" soon developed "sacratitis", but even this did not stop his constant sickening screams of "Pra-a-a-a-t!" nor his conferences with Sammie. Bob eventually arose to lead "E" Div. and was sorely missed by the watch 3 fireroom crew.

ARAKEL R. NAROIAN

110 Main St., Whitinsville

Cadet Petty Officer, Football, Muster Staff, Dance Committee, Propeller Club.

"Platoon leaders, dismiss yo platoons" . . . "Bobba's" entrance into M.M.A. gave to us a new interest in bop (be-bop, that is). This boy not only listens to it; he works it. During his earnest work with the football squad Arak still managed to find time to design "Bop Corner". "Fellows you should' of heard that boy hit it! Terrific!" If not hidden in a cozy rack, our head of the CPO Dept. could easily be heard doing one of his famous imitations, saying, "All right! Close Your books!!!" A whiz on circuits and fixing fans, good-natured "Chico" will be hard to stop.

ALBERT A. ARENA

15 Noonan St., Waltham

Class Treasurer, Propeller Club.

Al's future was decided at Rockingham. Lady Luck in the form of a fast moving hayburner delivered Al into the waiting arms of his dear Alma Mater. His abilities at bookmaking . . . oops I mean bookkeeping led him to the post of Class Treasurer and the nickname of "Honest Al". Although he is a man of few words and smiles, his unquestionable store of engineering knowledge will carry him far.

ALAN G. BAGNI

242 Standish Ave., No. Plymouth

Muster Staff, Century Club, Propeller Club.

After disposing of his vast real estate interests and bidding a fond adieu to Audrey, Al roared into MMA. Between trips to the mail box and Plymouth he still managed to create many an evening riot. His loud antics and famous "I'll buy da beer" will long echo through the ivy covered walls of the warehouse on the pier. Because of "Luce's" planning, the Desert Fox outfoxed Al and thereby giving him ample time to spend on yearbook photography.

RONALD DUKE

40 Vanness Rd., North Weymouth

Basketball, Baseball, Propeller Club.

"George! Ah lak it!" It was "Jellyroll Duke" appearing at the Balinese Room which first drew our attention to this good natured fellow. Although often taken for Humphrey Pennyworth, Rollo always had a few chucks for the troops before taps. Al's arguments with Ron, an ardent Sox fan, will not long be forgotten . . . nor the contemplated auction in Rm. 2. Without Ronnie and his lovable jowls M.M.A. would never have been the same.

ARTHUR E. LOUBRIS

21 Wharton Park, Wakefield

Football, Propeller Club.

Only after the loud sea breezes over Wakefield drounded out the popping of dual pipes did "Horizontal Hal II" decide to join up wif' us. His astounding ability with hydramatic systems soon amazed us all. "Halvy" joined the "Ching Foos" because of the miracles he could perform with starch and water. Tell us, Art, what ever prompted the rash statement "Arthur Loubris — don't you ever do that again?" Although a quiet fellow, Art was always ready to give a ready smile and a helping hand to everyone.

WAYNE W. O'NEILL

28 High St., Salem

Football, Baseball, Propeller Club.

After disposing of his rickshaw to the highest bidder, Wayne joined us to be the leading stockholder in Ching Foo's Three Month Laundry Service. The question most prominent in the minds of the Middies was, "Do the deep dark waters of the canal hold the secret of the missing Monstermobile?" Another of the boys from "Witch City" "Khakis" pulled more deals and had more "ins" than Carter has liver pills. A top-notch engineer, his 6 foot 4 inch frame, which withstood more bombardments than London during the blitz, will long be remembered by the troops of 52.

ROBERT J. RUGANI

37 Girard Ave., Springfield

Football, Basketball, Baseball, Managing Editor Muster, Propeller Club.

"Hey what d'you think?" Amid screams of "Row-ganni" and "Flex em" the "0-1 Kid" managed to put more time into studies than any ten of us combined. Movie call never failed to bring the Rugg's mastery of engineering into play. (The PLUG Row-ganni, the PLUG!) In top-notch condition at all times, Bob was a definite asset to all sports at MMA. "Father" Rugani's efforts at converting the troops were not entirely wasted, but "Kid Turk" proved to be his toughest problem. Honest and industrious Bob can be trusted to do well at any task.

EUGENE T. ST. GERMAINE

47 Columbia Rd., Stoughton

Muster Staff, Propeller Club.

"Hey Turk, either youse goes or that port!!" could be heard many a cold night from that long lean form down in Horror Corner. That S. G. managed to keep his neck intact during his three year stay was due only to Turk and Bottley's good natures. The "Saints" booming voice could often be heard thrilling the boys with a song. Anytime there was trouble brewing an arrogant 'Germanos' could be found nearby. But nearby, also, was he whenever the boys needed a laugh. A terrific personality will always help the 'Stoughton Kid' brighten up the dull moments of life.

SECOND CLASS

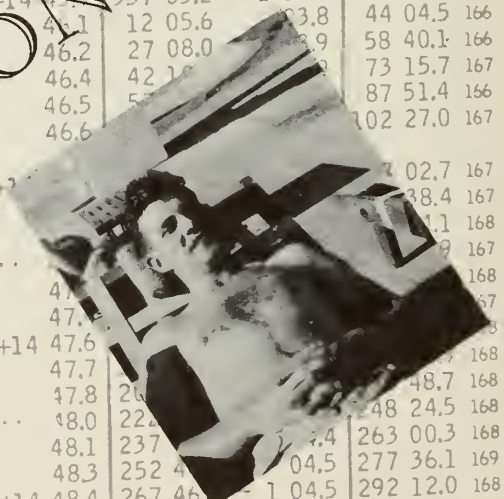
Travaly, A. J.; Hasset, J. K.; Nedder, J. G., Jr.; Dumas, J. G.; Marston, N. G.; Cocchi, B. A.; Pilling, B. S.; Lewis, R. E.

THIRD CLASS

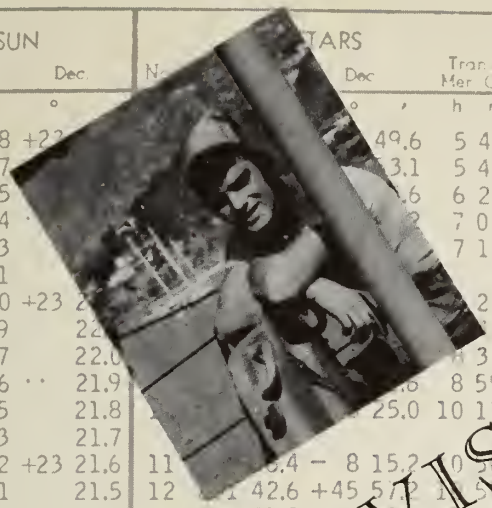
O'Leary, R. J.; Hunewill, L.; Doucet, R. E.; Shepard, R. J.; Ferris, E.; Kelleher, T. A.; Seamans, E. H.

1952 JUNE 26, 27, 28, (THU., FRI., SAT.)

♈	VENUS −3.5		MARS −0.6		JUPITER		SATURN 1.1		MOON			
GHA	GHA	Dec	GHA	Dec	GHA	Dec	GHA	Dec	GHA	Dec	d	corr
° ′	° ′	° ′	° ′	° ′	° ′	° ′	° ′	° ′	° ′	° ′		
74 03.6	179 00.6	+23 49.2	63 58.7	−13			85 22.2	− 1 02.3	137 07.4	+17 15.5	148	−1.1
89 06.1	193 59.7	49.2	79 00.7				100 24.6	02.3	151 41.2	17 04.4	149	−1.2
04 08.5	208 58.8	49.2	94 02.7				115 27.0	02.4	166 15.1	16 53.2	149	−1.2
19 11.0	223 57.9	49.1	109 04.7				130 29.4	02.4	180 49.0	16 42.0	150	−1.3
34 13.5	238 57.0	49.1	124 06.7				145 31.8	02.4	195 23.0	16 30.7	150	−1.4
49 15.9	253 56.1	49.1	139 08.7				160 34.2	02.5	209 57.0	16 19.3	151	−1.4
4 18.4	268 55.2	+23 49.1	154 10.7	−13 42.2			175 36.7	− 1 02.5	224 31.1	+16 07.9	151	−1.5
19 20.9	283 54.3	49.1	169 12.7	42.2			190 39.1	02.5	239 05.2	15 56.4	152	−1.6
34 23.3	298 53.4	49.0	184 14.7	42.5			205 41.5	02.6	253 39.4	15 44.8	153	−1.6
49 25.8	313 52.5	49.0	199 16.7	42.7			220 43.9	02.6	268 13.7	15 33.2	153	−1.6
64 28.3	328 51.6	49.0	214 18.7	42.9			235 46.3	02.6	282 48.0	15 21.6	153	−1.8
79 30.7	343 50.7	48.9	229 20.7	43.1			250 48.7	02.7	297 22.3	15 09.8	155	−1.8
94 33.2	358 49.8	48.9	244 22.7	43.3			265 51.1	02.7	311 56.8	+14 58.0	154	−1.8
109 35.7	13 49.0	48.9	259 24.7	43.6			280 53.5	02.8	326 31.2	14 46.2	155	−1.9
124 38.1	28 48.1	48.8	274 26.7	43.8			295 55.9	02.8	341 05.7	14 34.3	156	−2.0
139 40.6	43 47.2	48.8	289 28.7	44.0			310 58.3	02.8	355 40.3	14 22.3	156	−2.0
154 43.0	58 46.3	48.8	304 30.7	44.2			326 00.7	02.9	10 14.9	14 10.3	157	−2.1
169 45.5	73 45.4	48.7	319 32.7	44.4			341 03.1	02.9	24 49.6	13 58.2	157	−2.1
184 48.0	88 44.5	+23 48.7	334 34.7	44.7			356 05.5	− 1 02.9	39 24.4	+13 46.1	157	−2.2
199 50.4	103 43.6	48.6	349 36.7	44.9			11 07.9	03.0	53 59.2	13 33.9	158	−2.2
214 52.9	118 42.7	48.6	4 38.7	45.2			26 10.3	03.0	68 34.0	13 21.7	158	−2.3
229 55.4	133 41.8	48.6	19 40.7	45.4			41 12.7	03.1	83 08.8	13 09.4	158	−2.3
244 57.8	148 40.9	48.6	34 42.7	45.6			56 15.1	03.1	97 43.5	12 57.1	160	−2.4
260 00.3	163 40.0	48.6	49 44.7	45.8			71 17.5	03.1	112 18.5	12 44.7	159	−2.4
275 02.8	178 39.1	+23 48.5	64 46.7	−13 47.0			86 20.0	03.1	126 53.4	+12 32.3	160	−2.5
290 05.2	193 38.2	48.5	79 48.7	47.2			101 22.4	03.2	141 28.4	12 19.8	161	−2.5
305 07.7	208 37.3	48.4	94 50.7	47.4			116 24.8	03.2	156 03.5	12 07.3	161	−2.6
320 10.1	223 36.4	48.4	109 52.7	47.6			131 27.2	03.3	170 38.6	11 54.7	161	−2.6
335 12.6	238 35.5	48.3	124 54.6	47.7			146 29.6	03.3	185 13.7	11 42.1	162	−2.7
350 15.1	253 34.6	48.3	139 56.6	47.9			161 32.0	03.3	199 48.9	11 29.4	162	−2.7
5 17.5	268 33.7	+23 48.2	154 58.6	−13 48.1			176 34.4	− 1 03.4	214 24.1	+11 16.7	162	−2.8
20 20.0	283 32.9	48.2	170 00.6	48.3			191 36.8	03.4	228 59.3	11 04.0	163	−2.8
35 22.5	298 32.0	48.1	185 02.6	48.5			206 39.2	03.4	243 34.6	10 51.2	163	−2.9
50 24.9	313 31.1	48.1	200 04.6	48.7			221 41.6	03.5	258 09.9	10 38.3	163	−2.9
65 27.4	328 30.2	48.0	215 06.6	48.8			236 44.0	03.5	272 45.2	10 25.4	164	−2.9
80 29.9	343 29.3	48.0	230 08.6	49.0			251 46.4	03.6	287 20.6	10 12.5	164	−2.9
95 32.3	358 28.4	47.9	245 10.6	49.2			266 48.8	− 1 03.6	301 56.0	+ 9 59.6	164	−3.0
110 34.8	13 27.5	47.9	260 12.6	49.4			281 51.2	03.7	316 31.4	9 46.6	164	−3.0
125 37.3	28 26.6	47.8	275 14.6	49.5			296 53.6	03.7	331 06.8	9 33.5	165	−3.1
140 39.7	43 25.7	47.8	290 16.6	49.7			311 56.0	03.7	345 42.3	9 20.4	165	−3.1
155 42.2	58 24.8	47.7	305 18.6	49.9			326 58.4	03.8	0 17.8	9 07.3	166	−3.2
170 44.6	73 23.9	47.7	320 20.6	50.1			342 00.8	03.8	14 53.4	8 54.2	165	−3.2
185 47.1	88 23.0	+23 47.6	335 22.6	50.3			357 03.2	− 1 03.8	29 28.9	+ 8 41.0	166	−3.2
200 49.6	103 22.1	47.6	350 24.6	50.5			12 05.6	03.8	44 04.5	8 27.8	166	−3.3
215 52.0	118 21.2	47.4	5 26.6	50.7			27 08.0	03.9	58 40.1	8 14.5	166	−3.3
230 54.5	133 20.3	47.3	20 28.6	50.9			42 10.4	03.9	73 15.7	8 01.2	167	−3.3
245 57.0	148 19.4	47.3	35 30.2	51.2			57 12.8	03.9	87 51.4	7 47.9	166	−3.4
260 59.4	163 18.5	47.2	50 32.1	51.4			72 15.2	03.9	102 27.0	7 34.5	167	−3.4
276 01.9	178 17.6	+23 47.1	65 34.1	−13 51.7			87 17.6	− 1 04.0	117 02.7	+ 7 21.1	167	−3.4
291 04.4	193 16.8	47.0	80 36.1	51.9			102 20.0	04.0	131 38.4	7 07.7	167	−3.5
306 06.8	208 15.9	47.0	95 38.0	52.1			117 22.4	04.0	146 14.1	6 54.2	168	−3.4
321 09.3	223 15.0	46.9	110 40.0	52.4			132 24.8	04.1	160 49.9	6 40.8	167	−3.6
336 11.8	238 14.1	46.8	125 41.9	52.6			147 27.2	04.1	175 25.8	6 27.2	168	−3.5
351 14.2	253 13.2	46.7	140 43.9	52.8			162 29.6	04.1	190 01.7	6 13.7	167	−3.6
6 16.7	268 12.3	+23 46.7	155 45.8	−13 53.1			177 32.0	− 1 04.2	204 37.6	+ 6 00.1	168	−3.6
21 19.1	283 11.4	46.6	170 47.8	53.3			192 34.4	04.2	219 13.5	5 46.5	168	−3.6
36 21.6	298 10.5	46.5	185 49.7	53.6			207 36.8	04.2	233 48.7	5 32.9	168	−3.6
51 24.1	313 09.6	46.4	200 51.7	53.8			222 39.2	04.3	248 24.5	5 19.3	168	−3.7
66 26.5	328 08.7	46.3	215 53.6	54.0			237 41.6	04.3	263 00.3	5 05.6	168	−3.7
81 29.0	343 07.8	46.2	230 55.6	54.3			252 44.0	04.4	277 36.1	4 51.9	169	−3.8
96 31.5	358 06.9	+23 46.2	245 57.5	−13 54.5			267 46.4	− 1 04.5	292 12.0	+ 4 38.1	168	−3.7
111 33.9	13 06.0	46.1	260 59.5	54.8			282 48.8	04.5	306 47.8	4 24.4	168	−3.8
126 36.4	28 05.1	46.0	276 01.4	55.0			297 51.2	04.6	321 23.6	4 10.6	168	−3.8
141 38.9	43 04.2	45.9	291 03.4	55.2			312 53.6	04.6	335 59.4	3 56.8	169	−3.8
156 41.3	58 03.4	45.8	306 05.3	55.5			327 56.0	04.7	350 35.3	3 43.0	168	−3.8
171 43.8	73 02.5	45.7	321 07.3	55.7			342 58.4	04.7	5 11.1	3 29.2	168	−3.9



SECOND DECK



DIVISION

GCT	SUN GHA	SUN Dec.	STARS Name	STARS GHA	STARS Dec	STARS Transit Mer. Gr. h m
h	° ′	°		° ′	° ′	
26 0	179 20.8	+23				5 45
1	194 20.7					5 45
2	209 20.5					6 20
3	224 20.4					7 01
4	239 20.3					7 15
5	254 20.1					
6	269 20.0	+23				
7	284 19.9					
8	299 19.7					
9	314 19.6	··				
10	329 19.5					
11	344 19.3					
12	359 19.2	+23				
13	14 19.1					
14	29 19.0					
15	44 18.8					
16	59 18.7					
17	74 18.6					
18	89 18.4	+23				
19	104 18.3					
20	119 18.2					
21	134 18.0	··				
22	149 17.9					
23	164 17.8					
27 0	179 17.6	+23				
1	194 17.5					
2	209 17.4					
3	224 17.3	··				
4	239 17.1					
5	254 17.0					
6	269 16.9	+23				
7	284 16.7					
8	299 16.6					
9	314 16.5	··				
10	329 16.3					
11	344 16.2					
12	359 16.1	+23				
13	14 16.0					
14	29 15.8					
15	44 15.7	··				
16	59 15.6					
17	74 15.4					
18	89 15.3	+23				
19	104 15.2					
20	119 15.0					
21	134 14.9	··				
22	149 14.8					
23	164 14.7					
28 0	179 14.5					
1	194 14.4					
2	209 14.3					
3	224 14.1					
4	239 14.0					
5	254 13.9					
6	269 13.8	+23				
7	284 13.6					
8	299 13.5					
9	314 13.4	··				
10	329 13.2					
11	344 13.1					
12	359 13.0	+23				
13	14 12.9					
14	29 12.7					
15	44 12.6	··				
16	59 12.5					
17	74 12.4					
18	89 12.2	+23				

Lat	Sunrise	Twilt. begins	Moonrise 26	27	28	29
N °	h m	h m	h m	h m	h m	h m
70			5 31	7 38	9 30	11 19
68			6 01	7 53	9 37	11 18
66			6 23	8 05	9 42	11 17
64	1 35		6 40	8 15	9 46	11 16
62	2 12		6 54	8 23	9 50	11 15
60	2 38		7 06	8 31	9 53	11 15
58	2 59		7 17	8 37	9 56	11 14
56	3 15		7 26	8 43	9 58	11 14
54	3 29		7 34	8 48	10 00	11 14
52	3 42		7 41	8 52	10 03	11 13
50	3 53			8 56	10 04	11 13
45	4 15	1 4			10 08	11 12
40	4 33				10 12	11 12
35	4 4				0 15	11 11
30					17	11 11
20					22	11 10
10						11 10
0	5					11 09
10	6 1					1 09
20	6 35					08
30	6 56					07
35	7 09	5				11 07
40	7 23	5 ·			6	11 07
45	7 39	5 5			20 50	11 06
S	8 00	6 01		41	10 53	11 06
	8 10	6 04		10 45	10 55	11 05
	8 21	6 08	10 39	10 49	10 57	11 05
	8 34	6 12	10 46	10 53	10 59	11 05
	8	6 15	10 54	10 58	11 02	11 05
		6 20	11 03	11 04	11 04	11 04

Lat	Sunset	Twilt. ends	Moonset 26	27	28	29
N °	h m	h m	h m	h m	h m	h m
70					01	22 48
68						22 52
66						22 55
64	22					22 58
62	21 5					00
60	21 27					03
58	21 07					1
56	20 50					06
54	20 36					23 08
52	20 24				59	23 09
50	20 13				22 58	23 11
45	19 51	22 23		40	22 57	23 13
40	19 33	21 36	22	22 35	22 55	23 16
35	19 18	21 05	22 06	22 31	22 54	23 18
30	19 05	20 41	21 59	22 27	22 53	23 20
20	18 43	20 07	21 48	22 20	22 51	23 23
10	18 24	19 42	21 37	22 14	22 50	23 26
0	18 07	19 22	21 28	22 08	22 48	23 28
10	17 49	19 04	21 18	22 03	22 47	23 31
20	17 31	18 50	21 08	21 57	22 45	23 34
30	17 10	18 35	20 56	21 50	22 43	23 37
35	16 57	18 28	20 49	21 46	22 42	23 39
40	16 43	18 21	20 41	21 41	22 41	23 41
45	16 27	18 14	20 32	21 36	22 39	23 44
50	16 06	18 05	20 20	21 29	22 37	23 46
52	15 56	18 02	20 15	21 26	22 37	23 48
54	15 45	17 58	20 09	21 23	22 36	23 49
56	15 33	17 55	20 03	21 19	22 35	23 51
58	15 18	17 51	19 55	21 15	22 33	23 53
60	15 01	17 47	19 47	21 10	22 32	23 55

ADDITIONAL ALTITUDE CORRECTIONS

Alt.	Sun's Low'r Limb.	Venus
°	′	′
0		
30	0.1	0.1
45	0.1	0.1
60	0.1	0.1
75	0.1	0.0
90	0.1	0.0

Moon's Lower Limb — Add

Alt.	26	27
°	′	′
0	11.9	12.0
4	11.9	12.0
8	11.9	12.0
12	11.9	12.1
16	12.0	12.1
20	12.1	12.2
24	12.2	12.3
28	12.2	12.4
32	12.4	12.5
36	12.5	12.6
40	12.6	12.7
44	12.7	12.8
48	12.9	13.0
52	13.1	13.1
56	13.2	13.3
60	13.4	13.5
64	13.6	13.6
68	13.8	13.8
72	14.0	14.0
76	14.2	14.2
80	14.4	14.4
84	14.6	14.6
88	14.7	14.7
90		

Add to table, back cover

Moon's Upper Limb — Subtract

Alt.	26	27
°	′	′
0	17.7	17.6
4	17.6	17.6
8	17.6	17.5
12	17.6	17.5
16	17.5	17.5
20	17.5	17.4
24	17.4	17.3
28	17.3	17.2
32	17.2	17.1
36	17.0	17.0
40	16.9	16.9
44	16.8	16.7
48	16.6	16.6
52	16.5	16.4
56	16.3	16.3
60	16.1	16.1
64	15.9	15.9
68	15.7	15.7
72	15.6	15.6
76	15.4	15.4
80	15.2	15.2
84	15.0	15.0

PAUL F. MAGINNIS

219 Dean Road, Brookline

Cadet Lieut., Football Co-captain, Dance Committee, Muster Staff, Propeller Club.

Our retiring football Captain garnered his entrance credits through Brookline's Portsmouth Priory and King's Point. Paul's most pronounced quality was his infinite capacity for taking pains. A man of parts was "Mac", from his neatly brushed red crew cut to his gleaming shoes. He took delight in always being immaculately attired. In summer months the massive freckle could be found conning his sleek Herreshoff 12 through sunny Pocasset Bay with his eyes glued to the latest science-fiction publication. The two questions that always came to mind when the elite group was discussing Paul were: "Is it true that Mac bought his navigation mark?" and "Where did Maginnis go on liberty."

ALBERT C. SCHUTZ, JR.

21 Beacon Hill Ave., Lynn

Cadet Ensign, Muster Staff, Propeller Club.

"Skipper," the complete youngie even down to matches, was known throughout the class for his cheery disposition and his merry laugh. Al has knocked off consistently good grades which have always kept him near the head of the class and earned him the rank of Cadet Ensign of a taut second division. "Schutzie" has shown in his first-class year an amazing love for his bunk, which Ted Wilsing claims is a nest. However, when Al is up and around, his vigorous action soon has things flying. Albert is undecided as to the Navy or the Merchant Marine.

ARTHUR W. PATTEE

44 Larchmont Rd., Salem

Cadet Petty Officer, Muster Staff, Band Master, Propeller Club.

Bill came to M.M.A. equipped with his clarinet and much musical knowledge. Without his able conducting and playing the Maritime Band would have been extinct during 1951-52. During many maintenance periods he could be found tracing the ship's antenna leads, testing fuses for the ship's electrical navigation equipment, and doing numerous other little jobs. With his knowledge of radio and electricity, Bill was a handy man to have around the ship. As one of the leading men in the communications class, Bill saved the state much money by keeping his classmates out of the grasps of the "Quarantine Machine". Add all this to a touch of humor and you have a man who will go far in life.

JOHN T. HOWES

24 Mayo Ave., Needham

Muster Staff, Century Club, Propeller Club.

It was a lucky day for the Academy when our friend John finally "Sealed" off relations with the fair town of Needham, and journeyed to the decks of the PG51. One of our best seamen, "Geek" soon proved his worth by organizing and becoming the first president of the M.M.A. S.U. The Century Club welcomed John late in '51 with a fond "better late then never." Always quick with a smile and a good word, the pride of Uncle Bill should have no trouble in utilizing his unusual wit and natural knowhow in the maritime field.

WILLIAM W. MacKENZIE, JR.

153 Hemenway St., Back Bay

Muster Staff, Propeller Club.

Bill swaggered aboard the Charleston from the Fens whistling "I been working on the railroad" and has since been seen rubbing elbows with the Chiefs at Leonardi's or bounding to the "Back Bay Bounce" at the Lenox. A bit of a martinet and a disciple of Daniel Webster, "Adonis" was quite a man with the ladies as well as a favorite among the "youngies". Bill's position as captain of the weight lifting team accounts for the beautiful body. Always ready to give a helping hand or make a friendly gesture, "Mac" will be an outstanding member of the Alumni Association and will go far in the Merchant Service.

BRUCE A. PETERS

37 Beaumont Ave., Newtonville

Football, Basketball, Muster Staff, Propeller Club.

"Bobo" was good-natured, and all the ribbing he took didn't phase him in the least. Following in the footsteps of his brother, Pete set out to make a place for himself at our nautical college. He certainly found it in bunk #26. From the pictures in his wallet and adorning the inside of his locker door, we knew Bobo had it with the weaker sex — from 6 to 60 but nearer 6. As sports editor for the yearbook, Pete has given his time and effort generously. To him, we owe much of the credit for the success of the Muster's sport section. Great things are expected from 'Sal'.

LINCOLN B. SHEA

94 Jersey St., Marblehead

Muster Staff, Propeller Club Secretary.

"Linc", the youngest among us, has carried on a family tradition at the Academy on the Point. We all remember seeing him hopping down from Marblehead ready to take up where his brother left off. His tireless efforts as business manager of The Muster, as secretary of our Re-activated Propeller Club, as well as his contributions to our intermural sports, have proven invaluable. Although his one eye with two pupils could never find a pair of shoelaces, Linc has never had much trouble finding friends. When not out getting ads, "L.B." could be found in the sounding room testing out the P. A. system. After graduation Farrell Lines will probably be the winner.

DEAN C. STRATOULY.

995 Washington St., Lynn

Football, Muster Staff, Propeller Club.

If you hear a loud noise punctuated by ancient Greek cries you will be sure to find "Dino". Our gift from Greece by way of Lynn will be hard to forget. A vivid personality and a full shaving kit have earned him a place second to none. His linguistic genius is only surpassed by that amiable personality. Despite an affinity for bacon, Greek's stay has been a model one. Having stood well in the class and being an active participant in sports, we are sure this will carry on wherever he goes.

KENNETH D. WHITE

113 Mt. Vernon St., Arlington

Muster Staff, Band, Propeller Club.

A seriousness of purpose once he gets behind something and an ability to organize are just a few of the distinguishing features of this red-blooded American. Ken's ability to stay away from report mast with extreme regularity will never fail to faze some of the clubbier members of the class. We really don't know whether he comes from Weymouth or Arlington, nor does "Nathan" himself. In carrying on the family trade we know K. D. will always be up there with the best of them.

THEODORE A. WILSING

105 Mendon St., Hopedale

Muster Staff, Century Club, Propeller Club.

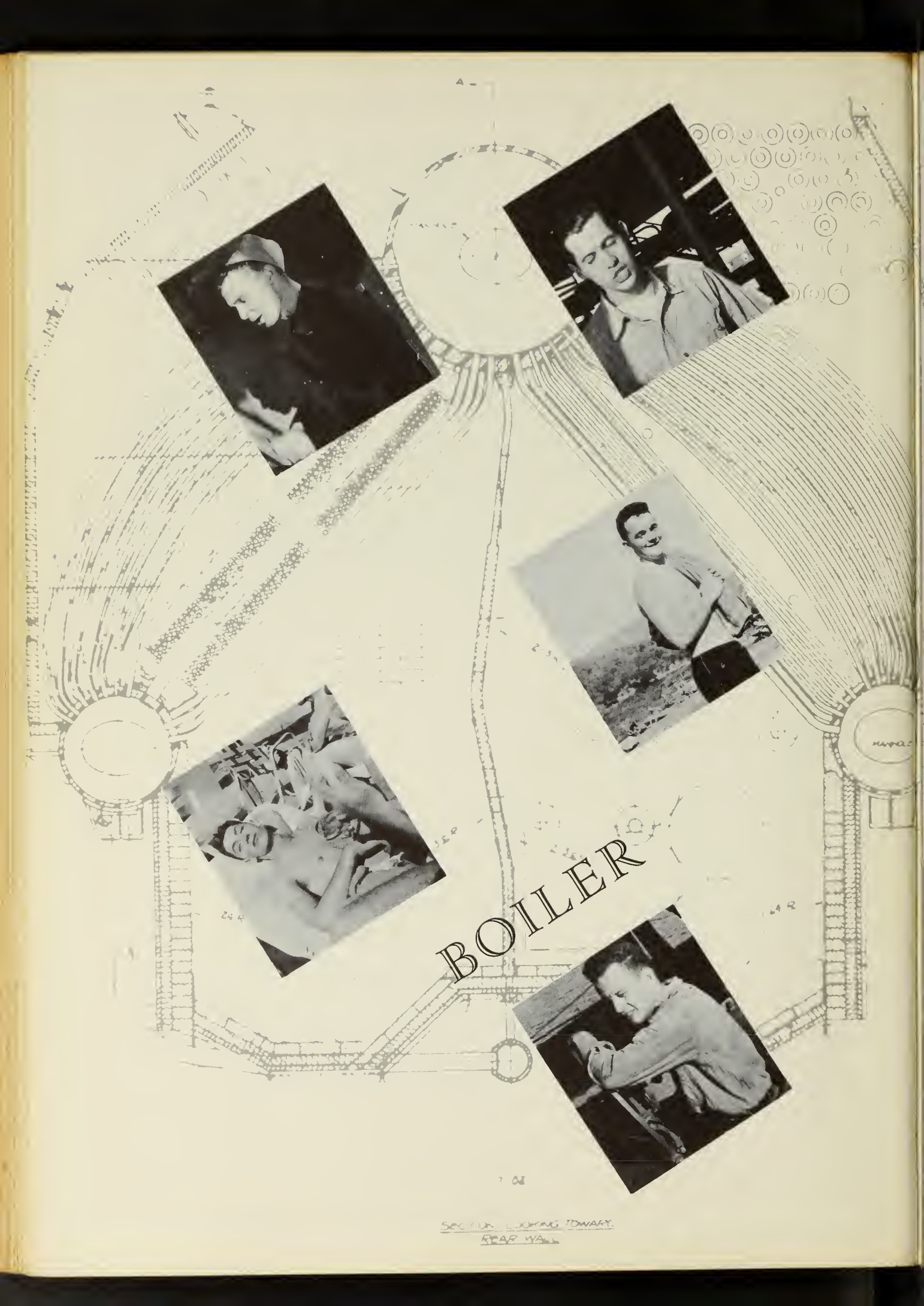
Ted, true to his Dutch heritage, heard the call of the sea and left Hopedale. This transplanted Brooklynite has never let M.M.A. life get him down. In the most somber moments he and P.T.S., his running mate, have cleared the air with a well placed remark. His ability to pull down presentable marks with a minimum of effort is well known, as is his ability to make quite an impression in strange ports, Puerto Rico for example. Never to be forgotten are the daily letters from Cemetery Street. Their arrival during those dismal autumn days seemed to lift Ted from the "bottom". Ted will go far, probably in the ranks of the glory boys.

SECOND CLASS

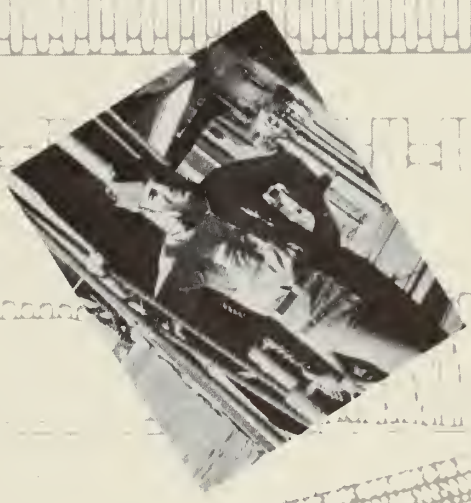
Leigh, J. R.; Boyle, H. F., Jr.; Corsano, W. H., Jr.; Balboni, R. L.; MacCallum, W. W., Jr.; Swanson, C. F.; Carton, J. J.; Suzan, F. M.; Watson, L. J.; Hathorne, J. E., Jr.; Trenholm, G. R.

THIRD CLASS

Fiske, J. N.; Pendergast, J. J., Jr.; Pineault, T. H.; Fish, E. A.; Johnson, E. D.; Kelly, W. C., Jr.; Gately, H. H.


BOILER

DIVISION

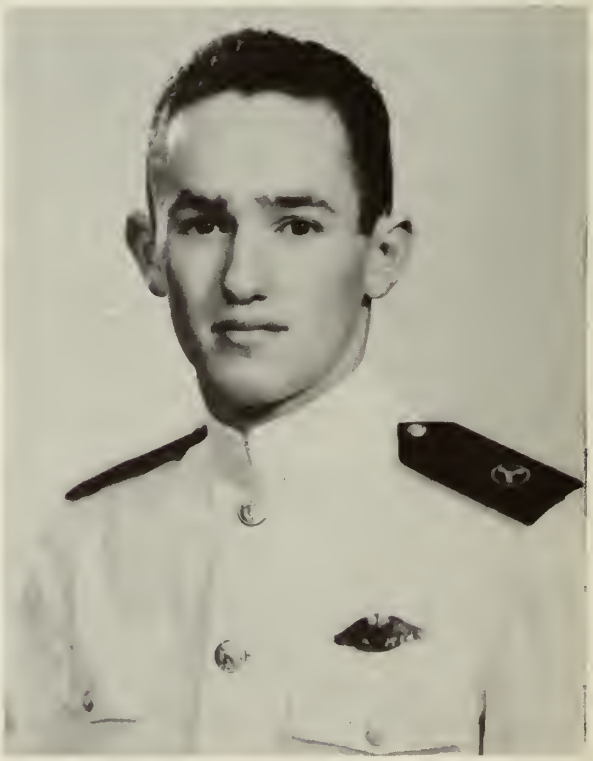


GEORGE P. SAMPSON

146 Princeton St., East Boston

Cadet Lieut., Dance Committee, Muster Staff, Propeller Club.

Here's the "Chief" himself. The kid who "nose" all, sees all, and lets you know the scoop about it. "Sammie" could always be depended upon when we needed a good committee man, his work on the Ring Dance a shining example. "Georgie" and his buddy "Pears" spent many sleepless nights in the baggage locker knocking Nav. Sci. into one another's heads, with both deserving their two golden rewards. His heated arguments with "Okie" are never to be forgotten affairs. Where is he from? Why, East-a-da-Bost . . . of course.



EVERETT S. WILLISTON, JR.

Carver Rd., West Yarmouth

Cadet Petty Officer, Propeller Club.

"Well, ah-ah-ah, Mr. Williston would you please explain?" The rank of "Com-Inch-Space-Cadet" proved that "Wee Willie Littleshoes'" adeptness for gunnery was more than just hearsay. Though often threatened with being put to bed without any supper by Panora, "Baby" fought for his rights as an "upper job" with grim determination. A bright prospect for Pensacola, our "Willie" will be tough to keep grounded.

FELIX S. CHILDS

No. Main St., Centerville

Baseball, Muster Staff, Propeller Club.

"The Peeper" was right at home in San Juan but his methods were slightly unorthodox in Texas. This casual little fellow from the bogs who was destined to become Wing Commander of the notorious "Space Cadets" was found engaging daily in hand to hand combat with the battalion of roaches which colonized his locker. Though mistaken for a certain Youngster he still managed to maintain his lofty position as "Disc Jockey" down in Crab Corner.

THOMAS W. CURRY

Green St., Medfield

Muster Staff, Propeller Club.

LOOKOUT! . . . swish, oops . . . "Single Swing" just lowered the boom. Now don't get me wrong; Tom is really a very good-natured fellow but because of uncontrollable circumstances he eagerly grasped the opportunity to spend his first summer on our beautiful campus by the sea. "Nodoz's" research on FREON #12 and CO2 for the Naval Science Dept. will long live in the annals of Naval history.

HOWARD B. BURKE, JR.

Main St., Sandwich

Muster Staff, Propeller Club.

A true "Bogger" at heart, Howie gave up his bachelor standing with the "troops" to spend valuable weekends pulling Wareham deals. Though new to Chinese customs, Boswell also managed to serve his apprenticeship in Ching Foo's Sweat Shop. Usually easy going and quiet, he reacted violently to our tortured screams of "Khakis." With his varied talents Howie will handle any situation well.

ROBERT HAMLET

680 La Grange St., West Roxbury

Muster Staff, Propeller Club.

Here's "Brow", Stoke's fellow classmate and a guy whose famous portrait adorned more blackboards than all of Mr. Kimble's drawings put together. This king of subtle humor was always happy to see Washington, D.C. on the list of ports for the cruise. The "Dancing Recip" often teamed up with "No Doz" to amply represent the engineers at Joe's social affairs. Though his various abilities were often doubted by "Hack", Bob's poise and good nature will stand him in good stead.

JAMES J. O'CONNELL

10 Mall St., Salem

Propeller Club

zzzzzzzz-zzzzzzzzz-zzzzzz- Hey wake up, "Okie!" It's time for graduation. After making his debut at M.M.A. "Cousin Oke" martyred himself by volunteering for a tour of duty at the "Country Club" of which he intends to become a lifelong member. If Jim was awake (a miracle in itself) he could usually be found debating the intricate phases of Naval Justice in search of a "Sea Lawyer's" loophole in the system. But whatever he chooses to do Jim will do well, we are sure of that.

WARREN A. SHAW

1834 Hering Ave., Bronx, N. Y.

Propeller Club, Baseball.

"Schooooooosh!" New York's half of our famous comedy team came to us via Schuyler Prep and they're still denying it. This "red head" had more people rolling on the deck than Moe's chile. He almost joined the WAFS at one time, but as luck would have it they transferred the squadron. "Ricky" and "Larry" knew more Boston dives than the SP's could kick them out of. His deals were amazing to hear but unfortunately they never seemed to pan out. We want to thank Rick and P.T. for the many chucks they gave us, without which life would have been very dull at M.M.A.

ROBERT A. SPRATT

5 Adams St., No. Abington

Football Co-captain, Basketball, Baseball, Propeller Club.

"Blue mo-oooon, ah saw you . . ." Mr. "B"? No, its our own Bobby. "Lips" came to us with a head start on college life under his belt which we could all see without much trouble. An ardent believer in Moe's ability, the "Peanut Butter Kid" was never without chow. Was it Bob's engineering ability that enabled him to make such a swell operator for the Bell Tel. Co.? If this outstanding athlete does as well in life as he did leading the football and basketball teams, we are certain he will go far.

SECOND CLASS

Rowand, C. C.; Van Schelt, J. E.; Randall, G. H., Jr.; Mullaney, R. F., Jr.; McNulty, J. F.; Sudrabin, D. A.; Wight, H. E.

THIRD CLASS

McDonough, T. S.; Collins, R. M.; Quinlan, P. L.; Peterson, R. J.; Jones, H. P.; Sinclair, D. H.

Figure 212. The Cruise of the Bella Vista

FORM FOR REDUCTION BY H.O. 214

Navigator

TO FIND G C T.

Watch Time

Chr. – Watch

Chr. Time

Chr Error

G C T 9

Greenwich Date Au 1944

Observation of (Sun / Star Rigel / Moon / Planet)

Zone Date August 27 1944

D. R. Lat 42° 42.0

D. R. Long. 68° 04.5

(N) (or) S

E (or) (W)

REDUCTION OF SEXTANT OBSERVATION

Height of Eye 40 Feet

Sex Corr. +

Table A

(Moon)

Sums

Corr. if –

TO FIND L H A

Tabulated G H A 257° 08.3

Corr 9 Hours { 142 [illegible] 5

Corr. 32 Minutes 6.5

Corr. 26 Seconds

G. H. A 400 38.3

Assumed Long. 67 38.3

L. H. A. 333

SOLUTION BY H. O. 214

(Assumed Position Method)

Declination −8° 15.8

Diff 14.2

H. A. 27°

Assumed Lat.

Tabulated h (Alt.)

Az. 147.°7

h_o 33

h 33

Corr. for Decl.

Z_n 147°7

$h_o - h$ +

(If P_n is

DIRECTIONS

1. Choose assumed long. close to D. R. Long. becomes a whole number of degrees.

2. Choose assumed lat. equal to D. R. Lat.

3. (a) If H. A. is between 0° and 180° H A = L H A

(b) If H. A. is between 180° and 360° H A = 360° – L H A

4. Watch + or – sign of correction for

5. N. Hem. For L. H. A. between 180° and 180°, $Z_n = 360° - Az.$
For L. H. A. between 0° and 360°, $Z_n = Az.$
S. Hem For L. H. A. between 0° and 180°, $Z_n = 180° + Az.$
For L. H. A. between 180° and 360°, $Z_n = 180° - Az.$

DIRECTIONS FOR PLOTTING

(a) Plot assumed lat. and long.

(b) Lay down bearing of observed body (Z_n).

(c) From assumed position plot intercept, $h_o - h_c$, toward or away from bearing of body, according to whether $h_o - h_c$ is + or –.

(d) Through point found under Step (c) draw a line of position at right angles to the bearing Z_n.

RICHARD F. CURRAN

117 Myrtle St., Melrose

Muster Staff, Football, Baseball, Basketball, Cadet Lieut., Class Secretary, Propeller Club.

Our generation's proof that we aren't so bad after all is Dickie Curran. Equally proficient with book or bat, "Curly" is a native Melroseian who survived two years of hot-rodding it from that fair town to B.B. with Scott via Bromley's to emerge as our favorite guy. Dickie was Lee Harrington's stalwart, sparking the football team from the quarterback spot and banging the ball out of the park for the baseball team. Two stripes and third division were his reward for consistently leading his class at the end of each month. We salute him and wish him the best of luck in his Naval Career.

CHARLES D. KAYE

26 James St., Mansfield

Cadet Ensign, Football, Basketball, Century Club, Propeller Club.

Dave's fishing experience and naval training were invaluable to him as material for story-telling. The "Hebe" soon came to the fore and made his presence known to all, particularly the staff at Brighton Marine Hospital, where he spent most of his third class year. Outstanding on the gridiron, Kaye's relentless energy in the face of defeat soon endeared him to the school. An early member of the Century Club, he quickly turned over a new leaf and established a fine record for himself.

OLIVER PURVES

R.F.D. #1, Litchfield, Conn.

Cadet Petty Officer, Propeller Club.

Old Oliver, commonly known as the Litchfield Torpedo, came to us as Connecticut's favorite son. A much-traveled man before his advent at the Academy, he was therefore an accomplished Linguist. His knowledge of French would have gotten him a 4.0, while his knowledge of Spanish got him 1-50. His most characteristic pose would remind one of a ragdoll. Tish would put any college man to shame with his casualness. Oliver has many notable quotes attributed to him, but the best one — especially to the third class, — was, "Give me a tube and fuze it". Sense of humor, excellent manners, good taste, and nautical knowledge will never mark him as just another third mate.

LAWRENCE A. CAPORAL

34 Albion Rd., No. Quincy

Muster Staff, Band, Dance Committee, Propeller Club.

The colorful little boy with the musical bounce came to us from Briarwood (honest!) to add much to the harmonious strain of extra-curricular activities. His facility for math was equalled by a flare for artistic initialing which unfortunately was thwarted by one "Black Harry". A wonderful pianist, Larry can squeeze a tune out of any instrument and add a strong Irish tenor to an otherwise weak octet. The success of our dances, yearbook, band can in no small way be attributed to him. Whatever the problem, the quiet guy with the talent will have the answer.

JAMES L. CHILDS

No. Main St., Centerville

Baseball, Muster Staff, Propeller Club.

A true "Bogger" in every sense of the word, "Yak" took a chance and crossed the Canal to grace our presence for the past three years. His easy going nature soon made him a most popular member of our class. A life of leisure, combined with weight lifting and a frustrating endeavor to lead Dickie Curran astray, made Jim a very interesting fellow, who feels that everything will come to you if you can only wait for it. As Captain of ID in intramural football and softball and an outstanding player in basketball, he was invaluable in helping to show our prowess at the "Stadium." His quick and alert mind and never-dying patience are sure to carry Jim a long way in the Merchant Marine.

LAWRENCE M. EAGAN

342 Little East Neck Rd., Babylon, N.Y.

Football, Propeller Club.

". . . and in the second place, when I was at Spellman's . . ." Will we ever forget this familiar chant from our New York representative. Larry, upper-job advisor for three years, spent a hectic life at the Academy running the circuit from Buzzards Bay to Sharon to Babylon, trying to keep some peace at all three places. His after-the-dance parties with a sagging floor, bouncing piano, and an "invite-the-people-up-from-down-stairs-and-tell-them-to-bring-some-ice" attitude will always be fresh in our memories. Whether his life is spent in a cab or on a bridge, success is certain to be his.

RICHARD H. JACKSON

51 Langdon Ave., Watertown

Muster Staff, Band, Century Club, Propeller Club.

The "Crow's" easy going and quiet manner completely hid an alert mind and subtle sense of humor. His remarks passed over our heads for quite a while before some of us began to catch on. An important member of the band and trio, Dick's riffs and paradiddles added much to the Academy's musical atrocities. A strong devotion to a certain German Field General caused him to join the Club in his last year, which sharpened the bite of his caustic wit. A stalwart member of intramural teams, Dick inspired his classmates to great heights at Harrington Stadium. His friendly nature and outstanding ability as a navigator and seaman will stand him in good stead.

PHILIP C. MONAHON

114 Thorton Rd., Chestnut Hill

Muster Staff, Propeller Club.

Master Philip Christopher Monahon, of Chestnut Hill and Drake's Island, was tossed at us by Georgetown U. after graduating from Portsmouth Priory. Always the first with the "word", Phil's dry wit and quiet temperament lent an air of sophistication to all doings about the campus. "Pug's" nocturnal wanderings about the dock, specifically to a 1949 Pontiac, were the subject of many bull sessions in the Junior Ward Room. An avid music fan (and critic) and a lover of the amber suds, Mon knows all the famous and infamous niteries from Washington's "838" to Eddie Condon's in the Big City.

RICHARD C. PETZOLD

588 Timpson Place, Bronx, N.Y.

Muster Staff, Propeller Club.

"Richy" came to us after a year of Schuyler Prep and soon became well known at M.M.A. Aside from his work at the Academy, his main interests are Ingrid and model railroads. Uncannily accurate at jamming favorite radio programs, his electric razor never failed to evoke the cry: "Unplug that d— razor!" Without a glance at the thermometer, anyone could tell when it was down to 45 degrees, as Petzy woud be wearing his turtle neck sweater. A great future with Ingrid and Cities Service Oil Co. lies before Dick.

DANIEL P. SHEEHY

401 Broad St., Weymouth

Muster Staff, Band, Basketball, Propeller Club.

Uncle Dan liked the Academy and the class of '52 so well that he decided to stick around this year to graduate with his pals. As a member of the Football Foist Committee, his humor and talent launched and kept the pre-game football rallies going. We have it from scuttlebutt that Dan has a billionaire Uncle Ben. On Sunday mornings he could always be found curled up in a corner reading the adventures of Ben and his relatives in the Boston Herald comic section. "Gump" took himself a little vacation at the Brighton Country Club during last year's cruise. We hear that 2½ months at home can do a lot more for a middie than a Caribbean Cruise.

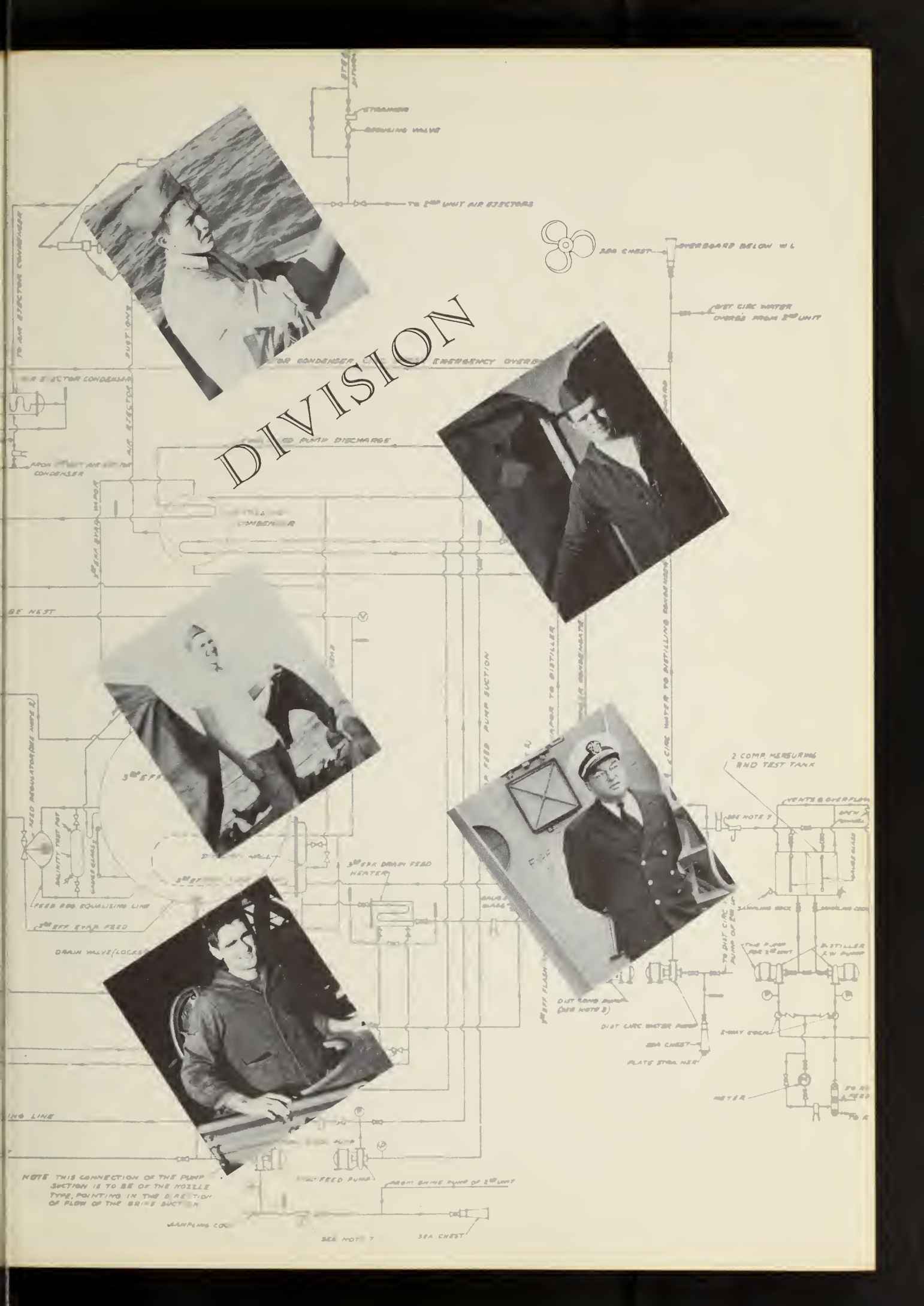
SECOND CLASS

Doonan, R. J.; Richards, R. J.; Donovan, J. E.; Doten, R. M.; Lawler, J. C.; Shields, J. A.; Dreghorn, R. T.; May, R. E.; Barton, A. D., Jr.

THIRD CLASS

Sottak, E. J.; Willaims, S. L.; Mitchell, G. J.; McLaughlin, P. J.; Murphy, J. R.; Preston, R. W.; Smith, J. L.; McKeen, D. A.; Ross, D. W.

AUXILIARY


DIVISION

WILLIAM R. HENDY, JR.

9 Curtis St., Medford

Cadet Lieut., Baseball, Basketball, Football Manager, Propeller Club.

Considering his search for the "Fountain of Youth" a lost cause, the "Ancient Mariner" traded his scythe for a pair of spikes and by the time of our arrival was firmly entrenched at first base. His adeptness in Spanish was excelled only by his ability at the plate, climaxed in the stretch by a "brilliant double" which amazed us all. This proves that which we all know. Whatever Bill does he does his best.

ARTHUR D. PANORA

19 Saunders St., No. Weymouth

Cadet Petty Officer, Football, Propeller Club Treasurer.

"Hey, what's for dinner today?" could be frequently heard ringing through the mess deck. Whether it was playing defensive end or swinging a monkey wrench, this friendly, rangy kid from Weymouth was right in there pitching. "Chief Panora and Kid Turk" have many mornings after to remember each other by. One of that "Old Man's" favorites, Artie followed right in "Big Bill's" footsteps and as the Chn. goes to her watery grave the blood curdling battle cry of "Get Sanford!" will still echo from her engineers compartment.

EARL F. BARNUM, JR.

180 Hampshire St., Indian Orchard

Propeller Club.

P.T. represents the first half of the "Barnum & Shaw Supervised Study Comedy Hour". Little work was accomplished when M.M.A.'s own Danny Kaye was operating his motorcycles, airplanes, and motorboats in the classroom. Then disaster struck! . . . While fighting in "The Battle of the Sacks" the "Elf" received a pregnant knee which earned him the "Custer Cluster" and a trip to Brighton. A top-notcher in anyone's book, Earl will go all the way.

RICHARD L. CHAMBERLAND

56 St. Louis Ave., Chicopee

Propeller Club.

Rah! Rah! . . . it's the pride of the college campus, good old "Chambes." As the notes of every chow call faded into oblivion this bright fellow dressed in tweeds with pipe in mouth would be seen heading for our "Campus Coffee Shop." Dick always seemed to be in the center of heated discussions and never got more than a few words in. His earnest efforts in "A" division made us all proud of our former "Deckie" classmate.

JOHN MAKOWICZ

128 Cedar St., Ludlow

Propeller Club.

"Ma-jug-a-whoos-a-which?" What did you say Mac? Before deciphering "Pop's" Ludlow dialogue we knew he came from Indian country because of his lack of hair. On field days why were you often caught bundling rags, Mac? A true follower of John Warner, "Pop" has oft been noticed in a corner arguing over new scalp stimulation methods with "Pears". Though quiet at times, his jovial smile and love of adventure soon made him one of the boys.

STEPHEN J. O'CONNOR, JR.

893 St. James Ave., Springfield

Football Trainer, Propeller Club.

Though failing to receive his medical degree from "Hungary Hill", Doc soon became the institution's most prominent physician. We all remember that familiar phrase from our youngy days, "Do I have to buy a comb, O'Connor?" His close resemblance to Eddie Cantor just couldn't help but earn him the name of "Bug". Although a self-admitted woman hater, Doc's visit to Montreal still has us guessing. Truly a fabulous character, this likeable Irishman will always be remembered for his paramount assistance with the football squad.

WALTER F. SULLIVAN

376 Plymouth St., Abington

Muster Staff, Propeller Club.

"Omar" left a perfectly good job as first assistant to a Persian Cleaner to sneak in to a back door of the college on the pier. A firm believer that the chalk is mightier than the "dagger" he could often be caught sketching Rollo or the "Tin God". One of many Romeos after a certain young lady's affection, "Geekmar" suffered a cruel fate at the hands of an inconsiderate Youngster. No football rally would have been complete without "Sully's" clever pen. Come what may, we are sure that if his engineering ability ever fails Walt Disney will welcome him with open arms.

WILLIAM B. THOMPSON

202 West St., Auburn

Muster Staff, Football, Baseball, Propeller Club.

"But Mr. Stoke! What d'ya mean Stoke? What d'ya mean what d'ya mean? But Arak, I won't . . ." Trading his plow and trusty mule for a baton "Billie Boy" laughed his way through many finals. ("Gee, youse guys are slow!") Responsible for the 1-50 list and its first president, the "Cucaracha" excelled in diesel and picking the ponies. ("$5 on Guided Missile"). Although losing his shirt and as many lovelies ("She's not a Geek") he still captured our hearts and provided us with many a laugh.

RICHARD H. WHITE

30 Hearsey Ave., Whitman

Football, Propeller Club.

"Where's Germanos? Grrrrrr . . ." "Hogar" was usually seen swinging his way through the compartment ready to pounce on the "Jab". His constant yen for "Hors-de-vors and dimies" brought him to social prominence in "Death House" society. The south-end cops will not soon forget "Kid Turk," as wrecked squad cars are good reminders. The holes in "Joe's" walls were nothing compared to those opened up in the opposing team's line when Dick got going. The best guard MMA has ever seen, Dick will never be in want of buddies.

SECOND CLASS

Mullaney, R. F. Jr.; Lessard, P. B.; St. Pierre, L. R.; Cunniff, J. W.; O'Neill, J.; Gerety, D. W.; Sullivan, J. E.; Moffett, R. C.

THIRD CLASS

Sullivan, R. P.; Duke, R. J.; Ciaramaglia, M. P.; Hamlin, G. A.; Joudis, W.; McHugh, P. F. Jr.; Burger, J. F. Jr.; Phelan, R.L.; Rezendes, F. J.

CLASS HISTORY

On the morning of the sixth of September 1949, some eighty-six innocently apprehensive members of the new class trudged down to State Pier to begin their careers at the Academy. Many of us, soon to be disillusioned, expected a ride to Hyannis on our newly discovered ship. How much we had to learn. At any rate, we were most eagerly received by those on board, as our arrival heralded untold pleasure for them.

Quite quickly we were engulfed in the turmoil and confusion every "young man" experiences. As the routine began to take its toll on the less staunch of our class, we watched with mixed emotions their seemingly daily departures. Some we never even got to know, the stories of their brief, disastrous stays becoming mere legends.

It wasn't long before we were wearing our traditional knives, reciting the "Young Man's Function" and "The Famine", and looking for our mythical classmate, W. T. Door. Within a week we found that one's only friend was his classmate; consequently, during those early days the class became as united as it would ever be.

As the dust of the first volley settled, the treatment became less severe; but none the less diabolic were the sessions in the Junior Wardroom, the fatal hurricane, messcooking for Sid, the screaming upperjobs, not to mention the hectic evening study periods.

The football season was underway now, and with only a few exceptions the opposition was not going to be easy. Our month's probation period ended before it seemed to have started and those incorrigibles among us began to suffer at the Captain's mast.

Late in October a break in the routine was greatfully accepted when the ship went to Boston for repairs. After about two months of sitting at the State Pier, we found it hard to visualize the CHN. churning over the waves, but this trip served to dispell any doubts as to her mobility. In fact it was found that our good ship was prone to move in many directions — up, down, and sidewise. All in all, we received an excellent opportunity to try out our "sea legs". Dry dock life proved not only interesting and educational but amusing as well with its many jobs and overnight liberties.

This was but a vacation, for quite suddenly we were back in Buzzards Bay stumbling along toward our next goal, the Christmas leave. Perhaps more small events were crammed into these first few months than an average man experiences in a dozen years. Though our number had dwindled to the sixties we managed to hang on until the leave. Perhaps part of the joy of these days was tempered by the fact that mid-years were coming up soon after. But like many past milestones we managed to survive only to learn that the cruise had been postponed for numerous obscure reasons.

About this time we were blessed by the arrival of two notables, Doctor Ouspensky and the steamboat inspector. Never to be forgotten are the many diagnoses and daily trips of the grand old man of medicine to the wardroom. The steamboat inspector literally went overboard in his enthusiasm for our ship. The four weeks' delay finally ended and once again we sailed for Bean Town for another period in the yard. This time the first class left us to go to a fire fighting school, while the second class, not at all loath to take the controls, gave us a gloomy preview of things to come.

Having leisurely passed away the winter months touring the Caribbean and Mediterranean Seas, we were jolted back to reality, to the Gulch, and to the commencement of summer classes. Much to our surprise a rumor which began on the cruise was materializing before our eyes. The College on the Canal was having its face lifted.

Already workmen were swarming over the rugged timbers. The early phase of their remodeling job called for limited evacuation of certain interior fixtures. Always ready to lend a helping hand, the Midshipman body swung into action under the shrewd direction of the reigning class.

The problem of holding daily studies became the real issue now, and it was soon decided to procure the use of the Bourne High School. Consequently a slight change of routine went into effect. Morning drill and inspections were cancelled at 0735 and "Getaway" busses plus our own Academy machine hauled the major portion of the students across the canal to our new campus.

Some never managed to experience the pleasure which goes with a bus seat; but then how can you pass out cigarettes sitting down. Amid shouts of "Stee-roke!" and "Boot it, Mackie!" the Bourne Bridge and connecting arteries took up the appearance of the Indianapolis Speedway.

On the sports side our late-starting baseball team came up fast, acquiring the title of "Giant Killers", knocking off in quick succession the major contending clubs.

In no time Labor Day was upon us, which meant final exams. Studying aboard ship was a definite difficulty, but much to the pleasure of all the new building was available for the final exams themselves. After a week's vacation we returned to enter a new era — "Second Jobs."

Ah! Second classmen — or at least we thought we were second jobs, but our joy was short lived. Under the personal supervision of the bitter first classmen we became a class of grumbling and disillusioned men. To add to our misery, we were literally buried under a deluge of technical subjects — for here was the beginning of our specialized training. The "Snipes" soon lost contact with their "Deck Ape" pals and vice-versa as the rowing season came to an end.

The football team beginning to round into shape, were greeted with another of their gruelling schedules. The boys journeyed down to Rhode Island State to take on a powerful Ram Freshman team. The outcome was a shelling for us, but we more than made up for it as the boys got their first taste of "Joe College" life. Stories of Rhode Island co-eds filled many a dull moment during a lull in studies!! As the season rolled on we had yet to win a game, but our aim and spirit was at a maximum as we readied for the traditional tussle with the "Mainiacs". This was our do-or-die stand. Victory meant more than a successful season to us. At the Medford Bowl our inspired boys did just that, for after the smoke of battle cleared, the victory was ours!! Immediately after the game we shifted our scene to the Hotel Statler where a roof-raising evening was in store for us! The entire staff of the Statler will never forget the numerous sorties up to 'ole room 600 nor are any of us likely to forget this and countless other highlights that made the evening a memorable one.

About this time our beginning as gunnery officers in Uncle Sam's Navy was under way. This can best be verified by the gang that became guests of the State aboard the CHN each week. Lt. Kimble did his best to get it through our thick craniums, but as rock is impenetrable, much chalk was used which benefitted only the eraser manufacturers.

Our skirmishes with the upper-jobs now took the limelight. After an attempt to overthrow "Captain Bob and his motley crew", pap-sheets became as regular as the snow falling around us. On the brighter side of things, basketball, both intramural and varsity, began to take our notice. Our team, sporting new uniforms and jackets, began its start into college basketball. As it was our initial year, the victories we did chalk up were hard-earned ones.

Much to our dismay, mid-terms rolled around for the second time. A list to port after 2215 was common as the racks were left vacant and the I.C. room began to resemble Joe Hick's after hours. The "Night Raiders" were once again organized under the leadership of C.I.C. As information poured in from every corner, eyes became weary, minds jumped, and seats of pants frayed—we were giving our all to remain in the enviable category of "ID". Results with a few exceptions were more than satisfactory and preparations for the shipyard began immediately.

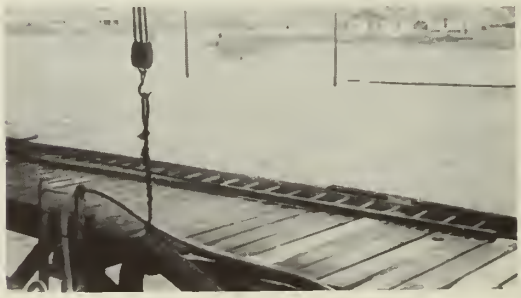
Finals were over and half of us were ready to be shipped to the rest home. But we gathered our salty dungarees and new boiler shirts and headed for the shipyard details. Well, there we were in East-a-Da-Bost and the boys began to hit the high spots. After a few tussles with the SP's we knew Boston was strictly a sailor's town, but there was always the Buddies' Club and Sal's at Maverick.

We paid many visits to other ships and are grateful to the Coast Guard for their kind invitations to "Movie Call". We second jobs managed to sneak over to their ship a few times anyway. After getting the O.K. from the shipyard we left Boston amid the strains of a twenty piece band and the cheers of the crowd that gathered to bid us adieu. After three months of good sailing experience and the acquiring of dark tans we returned and the ship became alive with our folks, all glad to see us back safe and sound.

Back to "El Grindo", this time with more subjects than fingers on our hands. We wiped the dust off our Naval Science books and became more confused than ever. Many a night the midnight oil burned brighter and tired minds tried to obtain what knowledge they could. Sunken eye-sockets became uniform and the troops were ready to toss their books into the canal. But spring was here and after a quick visit to Boston for Maritime day we began to enjoy the sunlight.

Baseball had started and the intramural softball became a hit after many years of clearing out a playing field from the jungle next to us. Summer was upon us before we knew it, and the boys took off for deals in Falmouth and Hyannis. The cape was alive with females and that helped the morale immensely. The upper jobs finally realized that license exams were coming and decided to hit the books. We too got ready for our finals as best we could, and we spent one of the most gruelling weeks of our life. Well, it was over now; the upper jobs with whom we were having our troubles packed up and left. Here we were at last — at the head of the rat race . . .

After one of the longest leaves of our academy careers, sixteen lovely days of that marvelous civilian life and home cooked chow, we returned to find that we were the bosses. For the first week we exploited our new-found privileges and went wild.



But as usual the books started to bite again and demanded some of our "sack time". The gentlemen of the class, the rates, that is, gathered the peons of us, the "Seamens' Union", and we had a meeting. The result of this meeting brought about many changes in this academy.

We wanted to be the upperclassmen at a school that was respected other than professionally. We started to have football rallies, which turned out to be variety shows, to help another person who has wanted this too, the coach, Mr. Harrington. Everybody responded with steam that has built up for a long time. No other football team has ever had the backing this team did and no other team played the caliber of teams this one did and made out so well.

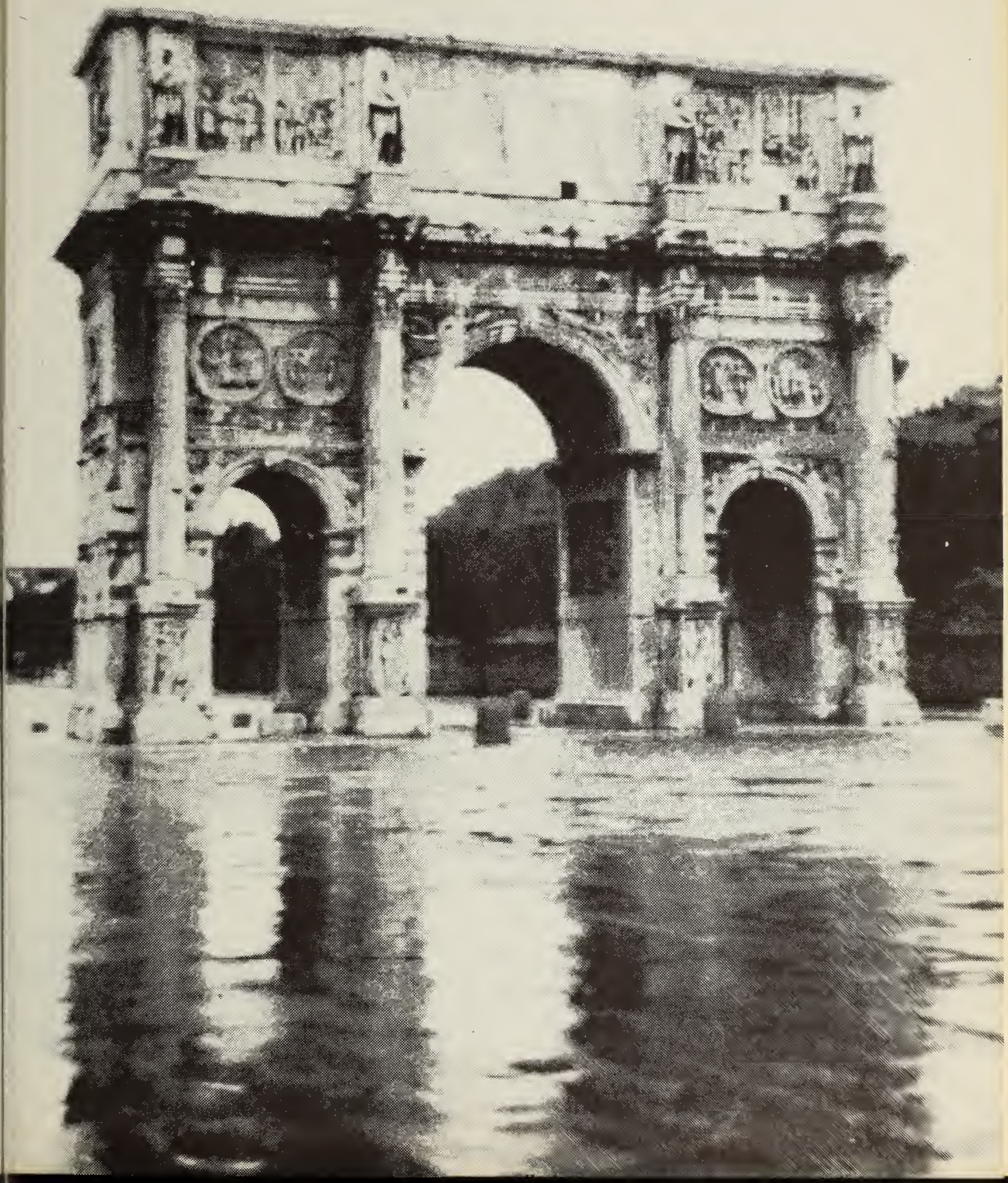
The middle of October caused quite a stir as arrangements were made for our Ring Dance. The Ring Dance was a great success. Being a married man does something for a person even if his bride is the inconsistent sea. By this time the big thought—what a year—was the annual classic between Maine and Mass. If we won this year the trophy was ours to keep . . . Oh well, it was broken anyway. From here on to dry dock, the life seemed to consist entirely of leaves, tests, and threats about some organization called the Navy waiting for us with open arms. Our reputation was growing fast.

It was in two distinct frames of mind that we made our return to Taylor's Point. As a class there was regret, for we had handled the Charleston for the last time. But as a student body we rejoiced, about to while away a pleasurable summer along the sunny banks of that fisherman's paridise, The Cape Cod Canal. Classes commenced and along with them came initial tryouts for the baseball team. Determination and hustle gave early indication that the Mariners were fielding their best team in years. In the Cape Cod League we loomed as the team to beat.

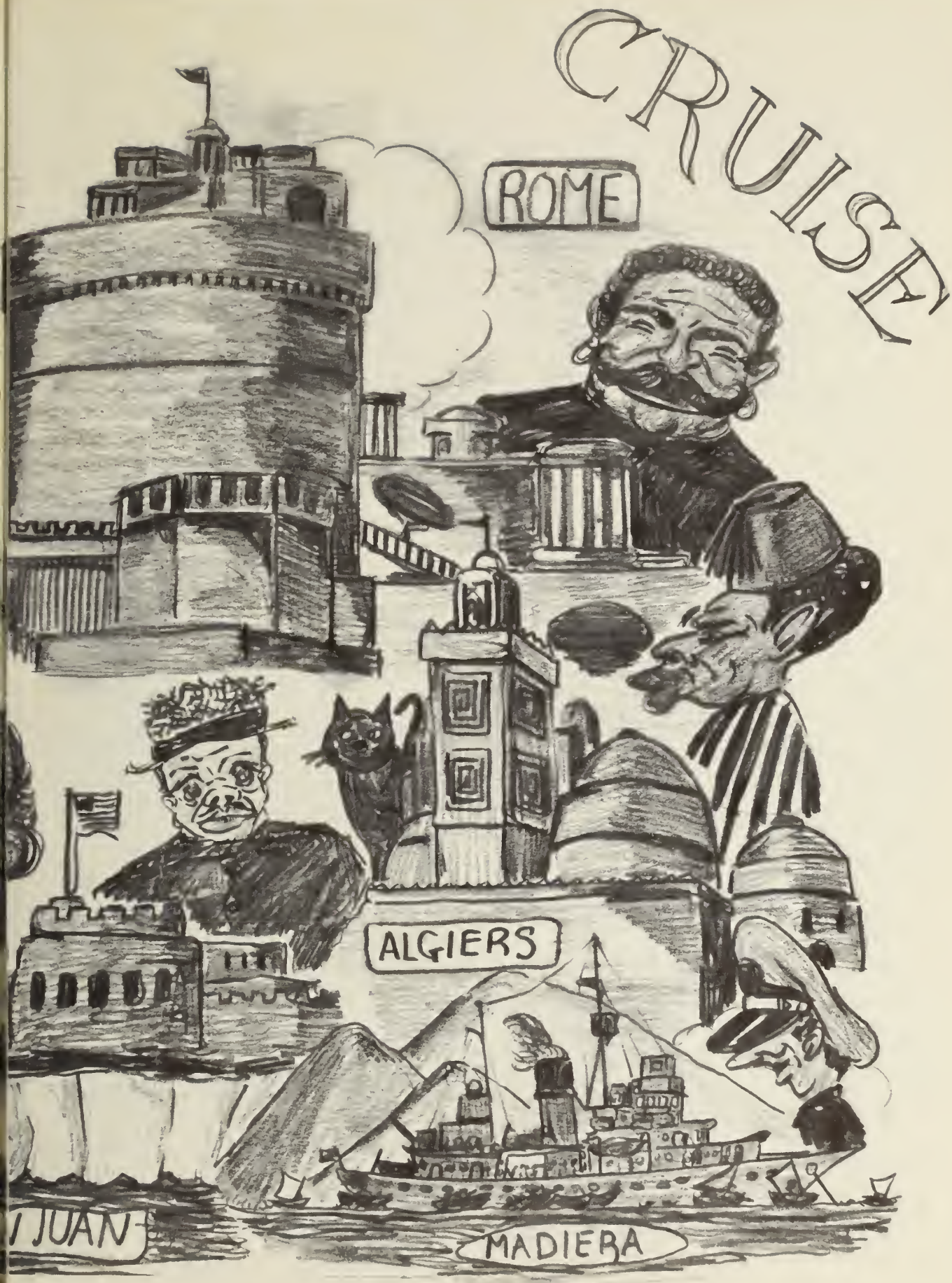
Behind a vigorous reorganization program we enjoyed the day and night recreation of our softball and shuffleboard leagues respectively. Midsummer monotony received a jarring jolt with the advent of the dance in Boston.

The days grew shorter and so did the time for final preparation. Before we knew it we had walked down the finger pier for the last time.

CRUISE ONE



1950
GIBRALTAR
MARSEILLES
BOSTON
CHARLESTON


CRUISE
ROME
ALGIERS
JUAN
MADIERA

What was to be a "Cruise of Cruises" got underway on March 23 of the Holy Year. As young men we received our baptism before scarcely two days had elapsed. From all corners we heard: "The men will be separated from the boys". To this day it remains a puzzle to us "boys" where all the men disappeared to during those memorable days.

Two weeks out of Boston saw us steaming through the Pillars of Hercules, Europe to port and the Dark Continent to starboard. Within a few hours we had nestled inside the island fortress of Gibraltar. Two sets of plans came into immediate effect. Plan able, inaugurated by the officers, was to paint the ship; and Plan Baker, outlined by the Midshipman, had to do with liberty. Both were executed perfectly, and after touring the Rock, the Moorish Castle, the Museum, and for some, the Spanish bull-fights we slipped out into the Mediterranean heading eastward.

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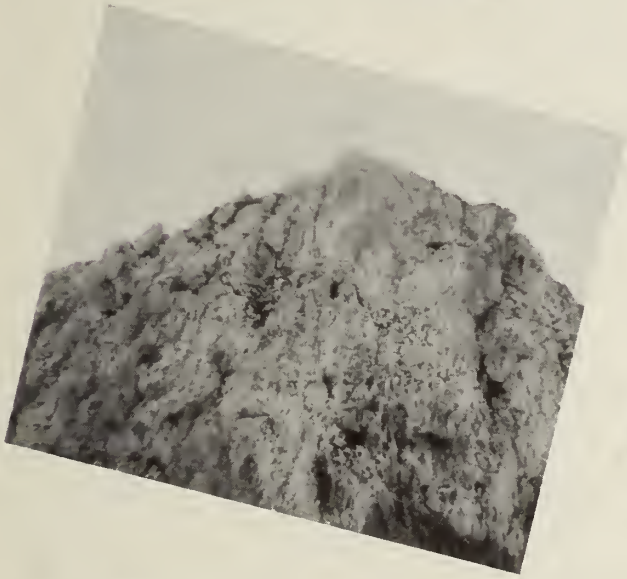


Easter weekend was spent at sea and then in Marseilles. The Charleston docked at the South Mole section of the city upon arrival. On the next day we gratefully accepted a new spot and found ourselves looking right up the main street, La Rue De La Canebière. Now the center of attraction, the Midshipmen became the beneficiaries of some typical French hospitality.

Guided tours were highlighted by the Notre Dame De La Garde and Longchamps Palace. Hard to forget are the opera parties, the receptions, the dances, the dinners and the perfume counters. The four-day visit was terminated with much regret, and after a wonderful send-off the eager expectations of all turned once more eastward. Next the Eternal city.

After one of the shortest runs of the cruise we squeezed into the small, war-ravaged port of Civitavecchia. The Charleston settled herself in a semi-anchored, semi-moored status and became half-marooned as the port watch began a forty mile trek to Rome. Under the auspices of the Servicemen's Club, tours, transportation, rooming accommodations and entertainment were provided.

All was climaxed by a memorable attendance at the public audience given by Pope Pius XII. The wealth and grandeur of two thousand years could only be scanned in a few days. Famous names which became realities were St. Peter, the Colosseum, the Pantheon, Sistine Chapel, the Catacombs. The Florida and California Clubs provided a real touch of home, knowing all too well how to put that touch.

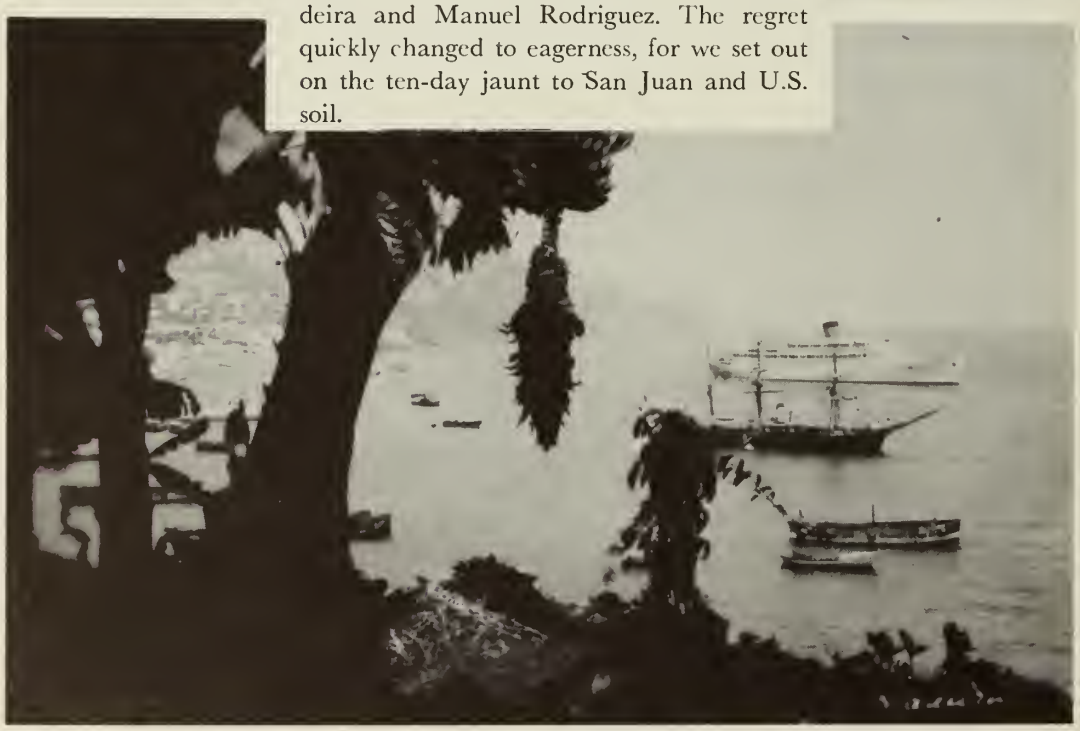
Our five-day stay complete, we moved into the Tyrrhenian Sea, leaving in our wake Rome the Sacred, Civitavecchia—.

It now became hotter and a change in uniform was in order. The bow pointed southwest and before long our newly acquired tans were intermingled with the darker ones of the Algerian Arab. Once again the cordiality of France was extended in the manner of tours, parties, and this time a baseball doubleheader. We won one-half of the twin bill. Of particular note were the Casbah, the fez and the veiled women. What a spot for a laundry!

The itinerary now called for a return to Gibraltar. Unfortunately, someone had left a copy on our first visit. The result was a strange depletion in the value of the American dollar. Fueling completed, we turned westward from the Watchdog of the Mediterranean.

It was not long before we were again cruising the Atlantic. As we made tracks south the green changed to blue. Amid the most favorable ocean and sky rose the island of Madeira.

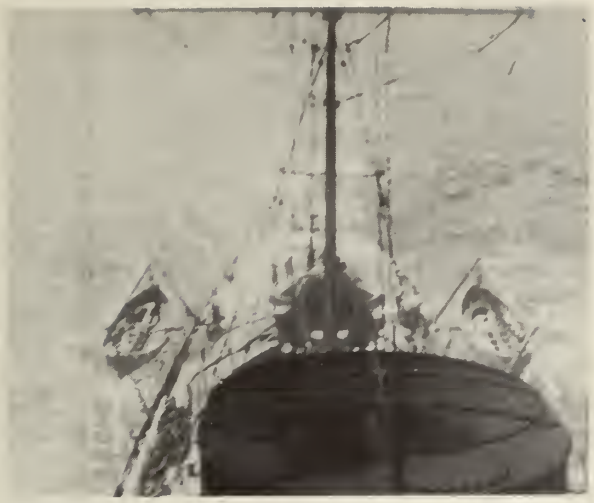
Anchorage was made in the harbor of Funchal. For the first and only time the runing boats were lowered and began hourly taxi-service to the island. It was with much regret that we finally separated from Madeira and Manuel Rodriguez. The regret quickly changed to eagerness, for we set out on the ten-day jaunt to San Juan and U.S. soil.



The famed honeymoon route maintained its reputation. As a result of a ten-day overhaul of the ship we were agleam from stem to stern on the tenth of May as we steamed past the Morro Castle. A paint brush went ashore with the first line and in a matter of hours a massive paint holiday called, the hull was touched up. The customs officials were quick to come aboard and so were the long expected checks.

The Normandie and Caribe Hilton hotels benefited by the latter. As usual the Propeller Club had trips and dances for us all arranged. After celebrating Armed Forces Day and refuelling day at the Navy Base, we turned into the choppy waters of the U.S.A. proper.

A distress signal was received halfway to Charleston, speed was increased and the course changed. In a matter of hours we arrived alongside the Dutch ship "Vant Hoff". The captain had been blinded by an exploding can of lime. With the injured man aboard, the ship made top speed to her birthplace. It was not long before Fort Sumter appeared, a long-awaited sight.



For some strange reason we arrived long before the anticipated welcoming throng. Evidently they planned to come in shifts to view their 1936 project. Those grand Charlestonians who were treated to a tour of our spotless vessel had nothing but praise to offer — upon departure. A dance highlighted the visit.

We cast off all lines from our last port of call and headed home. Luckily the infamous Cape Hatteras was taking a breather as we sped northward. In quick succession could be heard the names Montauk, "P" town, and the lightship. Finally an early bugle call heralded the presence off the Bean and the Cod. Quite unnoticed, we became part of Commonwealth Pier. It was all just a memory now . . .

CRUISE TWO

LOG OF THE UNITED STATES SHIP Charleston (Name) (Identification number)

(DELETE ONE) AT / PASSAGE FROM Boston TO Culebra

(Day) (Date) (Month)

ZONE DESCRIPTION ____ U. S. N. CO

HOUR	SHAFT REVS.	BY REVS.	BY LOG	COURSE MADE GOOD	WIND (TRUE)		BAROMETER (CORRECTED)		TEMPE		CLOUDS	
				GYRO	DIRECTION (Knots or Degrees)	VELOCITY (Knots)	HEIGHT IN INCHES	READING AT THER.	AIR.	GH	CEILING	MOVING FROM (In degrees (true))
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P.M. 13												
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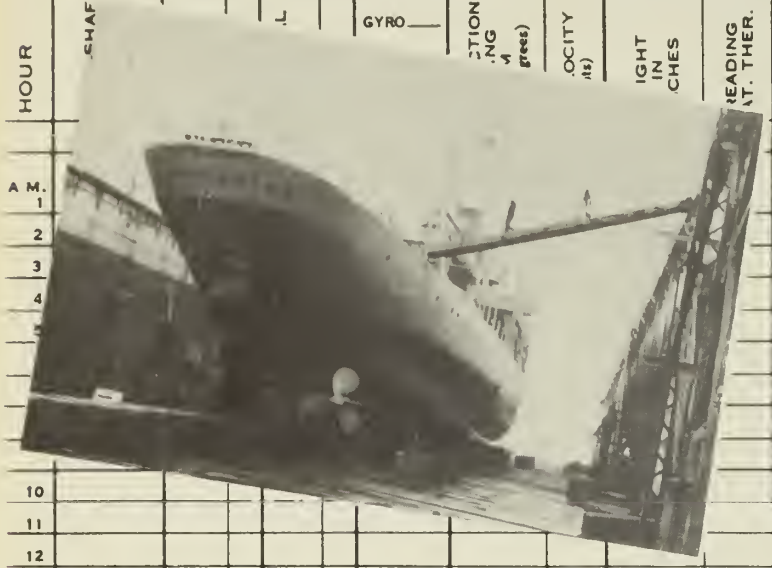

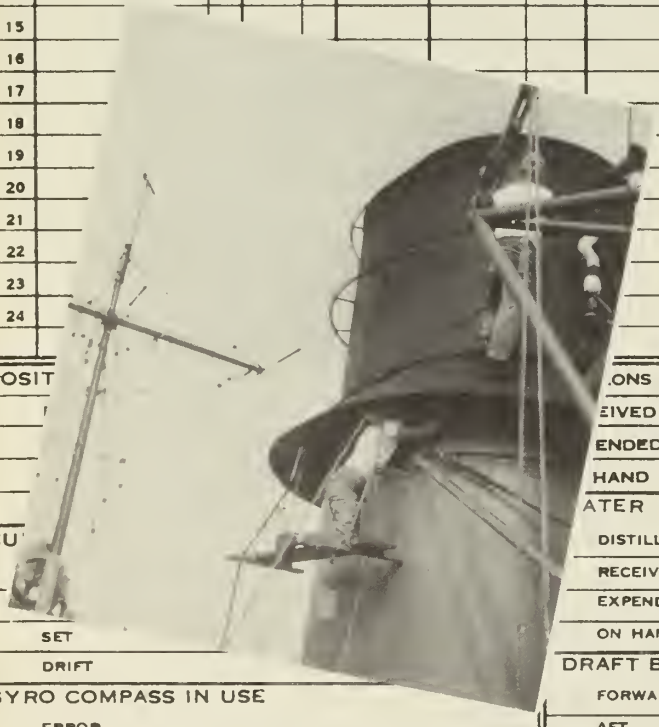

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AFTER

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DRIFT

DRAFT BEFO...

FORWARD

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GYRO COMPASS IN USE

ERROR

STANDARD MAGNETIC COMPASS

COMPASS NO.

S. H.

ERROR

VARIATION

DEVIATION

DRAFT AFTER ...TERING PORT

FORWARD

AFT

MAGAZINE TEMPERATURES

MAXIMUM

MINIMUM

SUBMERGED RUN DATA—SUBMARINES

1	2	3	4	5

Charleston — Friday 9 (Day) Feb. (Month), 19 5-

REMARKS

0000 - 0800

Moored port side to Pier #2 Simpson Yard, Bethlehem Shipbuilding Corp. East Boston, Mass. 0714 Tugs "Hercules" and "Juno" alongside. 0725 Docking pilot aboard. 0748 Let go all lines. Tugs mooring ship without ship's power to fuel piers.

L.B. Shea OOW

1200-1600 — Monday 12 Feb.

Moored as before. 1240 Station Special Sea Detail. 1250 Single up fore and aft. 1300 Let go fore + aft. 1302 Proceeding pier dock. Commanding Officer at the conn. Various bells + courses clearing harbor.

P.C. Monahan O.O.W.

2000-2400 — Tuesday 13 FEB.

2000 - Steaming as before on course 177° T+G 187°S.C. 146 RPM. Weather partly cloudy, gentle SW'ly breeze and low swell, vessel rolling easily

O'Purves O.O.W.

1730 - 2000 — Saturday 17 Feb.

1753 - Various courses and speeds proceeding into Culebra Harbor

1816 - Buoy "C" abeam 1826 #4 abeam 1838 Let go port anchor.

C E Roden O.O.W.

2000-2400

Anchored as before. 2036 Boat #1 returned from mail trip to island. Mr. Connors, Mr. Saillet, and Mr. Hirst and boat crew aboard. Regular Watch Routine

R.T. Higgins O.O.W

Sunday 18 Feb.

Anchored as before 1245 Boat #1 with Boat #8 in tow ashore with liberty party. Holiday routine. We immediately set out to explore the small island the mode of travel in vogue at the time was unquestionably the foot. Some, however, chose to ride the dusty trail for a senior at Flamingo Beach. Soon & later all were drawn aside through the magnetism of the famed Kentucky

LOG OF THE UNITED STATES SHIP Charleston (Name) (Identification number)

(DELETE ONE) AT / PASSAGE FROM St. Thomas TO St. Croix

(Day) (Date) (Month)

ZONE DESCRIPTION S.N. CC

HOUR	COURSE	WIND (TRUE)	BAROMETER (CORRECTED)	TEMPERATURE			S	
						WATER MAIN	CEILING	MOVING FROM (In degrees true)
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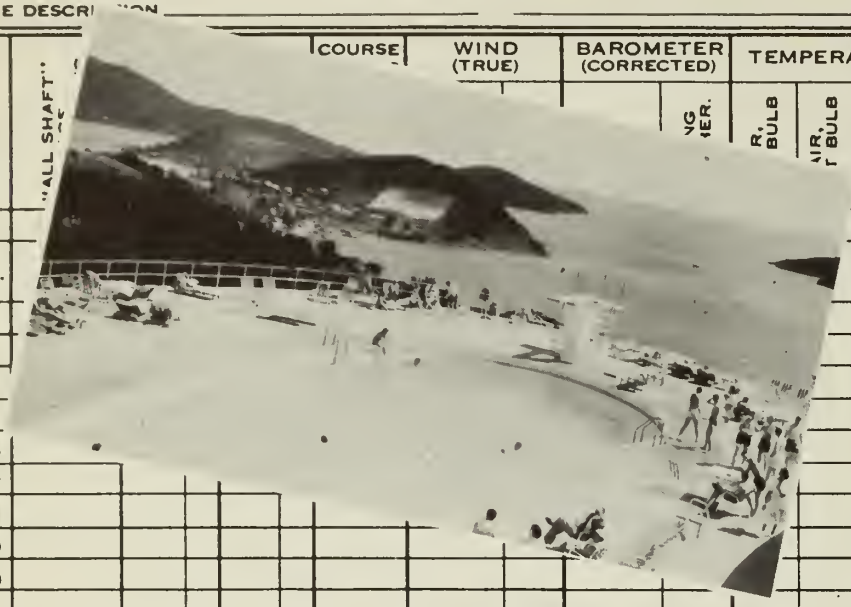

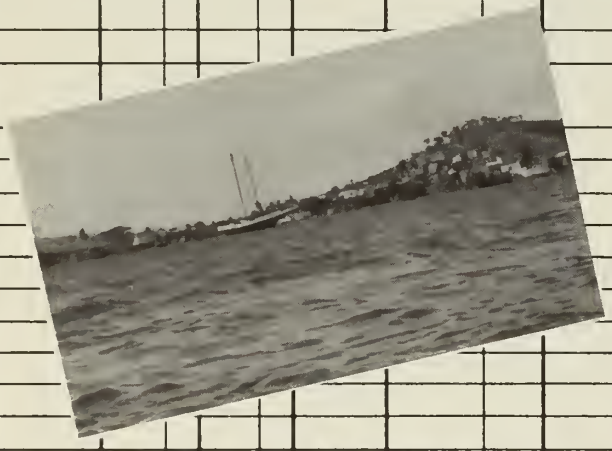

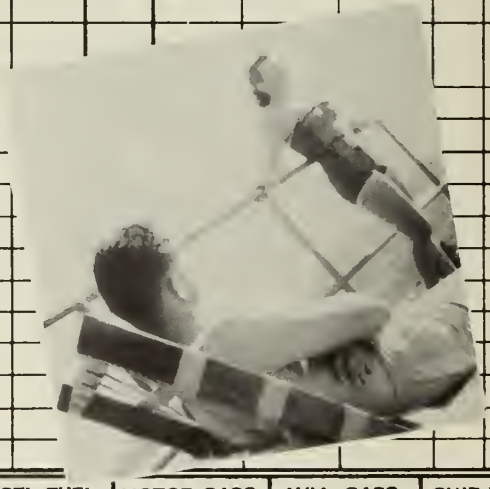

POSITION		FUEL	DIESEL FUEL	MOTOR GASO.	AVIA. GASO.	SHIP LUB.
HOUR	LATITUDE					
0800						
1200						
2000						

CURRENT (HOUR)

TIME FROM

TO

SET

DRIFT

GYRO COMPASS IN USE PORT

ERROR

STANDARD MAGNETIC C PORT

COMPASS No.

S. H.

ERROR URES

VARIATION

DEVIATION

GENERAL DRILLS AND EXER

MORNING	AFTE

SUBMERGED RUN DATA—SUBMA NES

	1	2	3	4	5

Charleston — Thurs (Day) 22 (Date) Feb (Month), 19 51

REMARKS

0400-0800

Anchored as before in Culebra Harbor. 0620 Engine room telegraph and steering gear tested and found in apparently good working order. 0650 Began heaving up port anchor. 0659 Anchor clear of bottom. Various engine bells and courses proceeding out of Culebra Harbor.

R. K. Jackson DOW

1800-1700

0818 Passed Sail Rock abeam dist 1½ mi - 0820 C/C to 073° T&G - 0908 Pilot aboard - 0955 Docked stbd side to West India Docks in St. Thomas Harbor.

S. W. Tattee O. W.

Regular Holiday Routine. Port watch liberty ashore. The dust and drudgery of Isaacs Island (Culebra) were soon forgotten as the middies began to infiltrate throughout the beautiful resort villa of Charlotte Amalie. Favorite gathering places during the three day visit were the Virgin Isles Hotel, Ranson Blanc and the famed Castles of Bluebeard and Blackbeard.

1200-1600 Saturday 24 February

1243 Pilot Simmons aboard - 1252 Let go from dock. - 1314 Pilot left ship, set course to 188 T°G. 146 R.P.M's. Proceeded towards Frederickstad, St. Croix.

Bruce A. Peters OOW

Various courses approaching anchorage, 1625. Let go starboard anchor. 1700 Liberty party ashore. As far as the first liberty group was concerned we had anchored on the wrong side of the island. The smart set had evidently moved 30 miles east to Christiansted. Already tomorrows liberty party was making plans. 2101 Port watch liberty party aboard, no absentees.

LOG OF THE UNITED STATES SHIP Charleston (Name) (Identification number)

~~AT~~ / PASSAGE FROM Guadaloupe TO Barbados

(Day) (Date) (Month)

ZONE DESCRIPTION _____ U. S. N. CO

HOUR	"ALL SHAFT" AVERAGE REVOLUTIONS	BY REVS. NAUTICAL MILES	BY REVS. TENTHS	BY LOG NAUTICAL MILES	BY LOG TENTHS	COURSE MADE GOOD GYRO / MAG (Indicate which)	WIND (TRUE) DIRECTION MOVING FROM (In degrees)	WIND (TRUE) VELOCITY (Knots)	BAROM (CORRE HEIGHT IN CHES	CLOUDS NG	CLOUDS ING M degrees (true)
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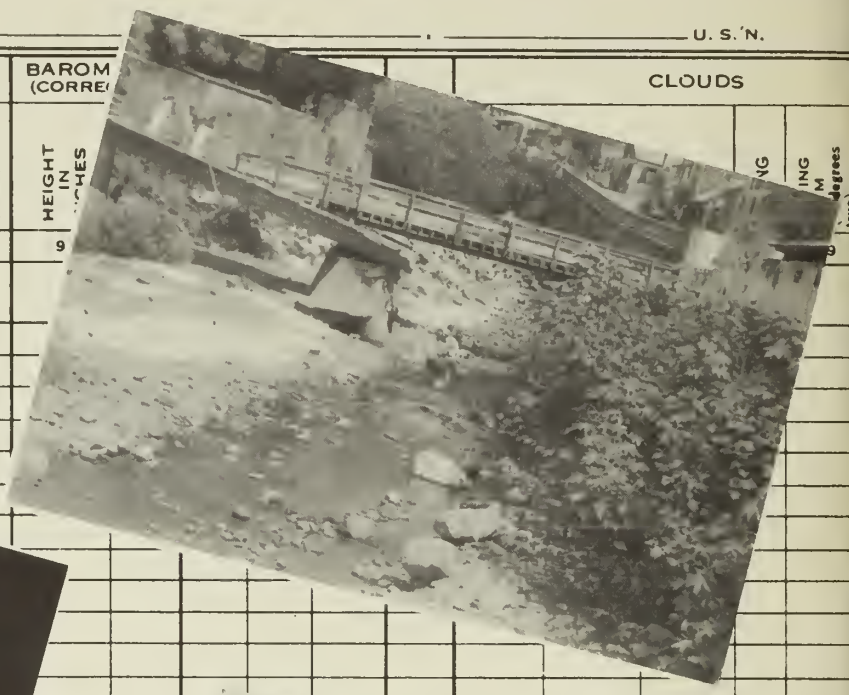

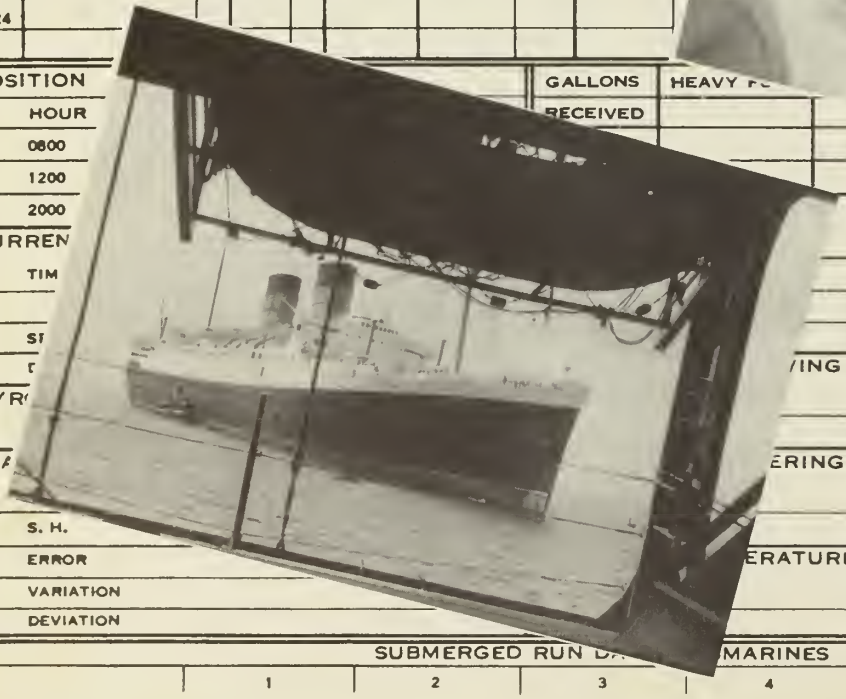

POSITION	GALLONS	HEAVY FU	O.	SHIP LUB
HOUR	RECEIVED			
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1200				
2000				

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ERATURES

GENERAL DRILLS AND EXERC

MORNING	AFTE

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1	2	3	4	5

Charleston Sun. 25 Feb, 1951
(Day) (Date) (Month)

REMARKS

0923. Church party ashore. 0926 Liberty party ashore. Various boat trips as per schedule. Almost as a unit the starboard liberty party taxied over to Christiansted. The day was spent lolling along the sun-scorched beaches of the "old town". Some preferred the pleasures of the native sailboats, but all, sooner or later seemed to gravitate to the Club Comanche.

1200 - 1200 Monday 26 Feb.
Moored as before. 0825 #1 boat cradled.
1136 Anchor aweigh. 1150 Southwest Cape abeam 1.6 miles off
1151½ 189° T + 6.

J. H. Caswell, O.O.W.

1318 Port watch liberty party ashore. 1425 Pumped out voids #991 and #499. From the very first day in Basse Terre, Guadeloupe we were afforded the always welcome French cordiality. Aside from this and some very reasonable perfume bargins, nothing spectacular occured. Both sections were the recipients of Foreign Legion truck tours and otherwise enjoyed routine liberty, swimming and sight seeing.

0800 - 1200 Friday 2 March
0800 Anchored as before in harbor of Basse Terre, Guadeloupe.
1026 Anchor aweigh. 1030 all ahead standard. Course set to 160° T + 6.

A. C. Schantz Jr. O.O.W.

0800 - 1200 Saturday 3, March
Steaming as before on course 134° gyro to make 137° True bells and Courses approved. 1100 Barbados Harbor. 1102 Let go starboard anchor. 1107 Harbormaster, Land doctor aboard. 1112 Pratique granted. Doctor and harbormaster aboard British liner "Britannia" anchored Sunday.

Mainville, R.P. 1/c O.O.W.

LOG OF THE UNITED STATES SHIP Charleston (Name) (Identification number)

(DELETE ONE) AT / PASSAGE FROM Trinidad TO Panama (Day) (Date) (Month)

ZONE DESCRIPTION ____ S.'N. CC

HOUR	"ALL SHAFT" AVERAGE REVOLUTIONS	BY REVS. NAUTICAL MILES	BY REVS. TENTHS	BY LOG NAUTICAL MILES	BY LOG TENTHS	COURSE MADE GOOD GYRO / MAG (Indicate which)	WIND (TRUE) DIRECTION MOVING FROM (In degrees)	WIND (TRUE) VELOCITY (Knots)	BAROMETER (CORRECTED) HEIGHT IN INCHES	TEMPERATU...	...S CEILING	...S MOVING FROM (In degrees true)
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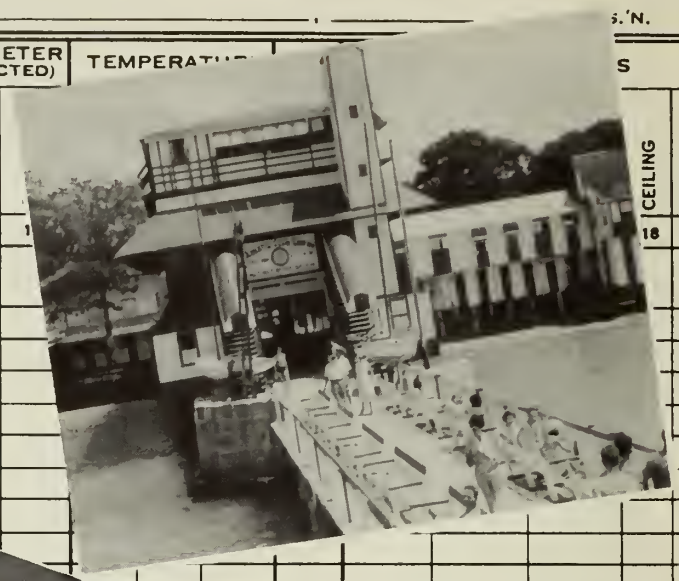

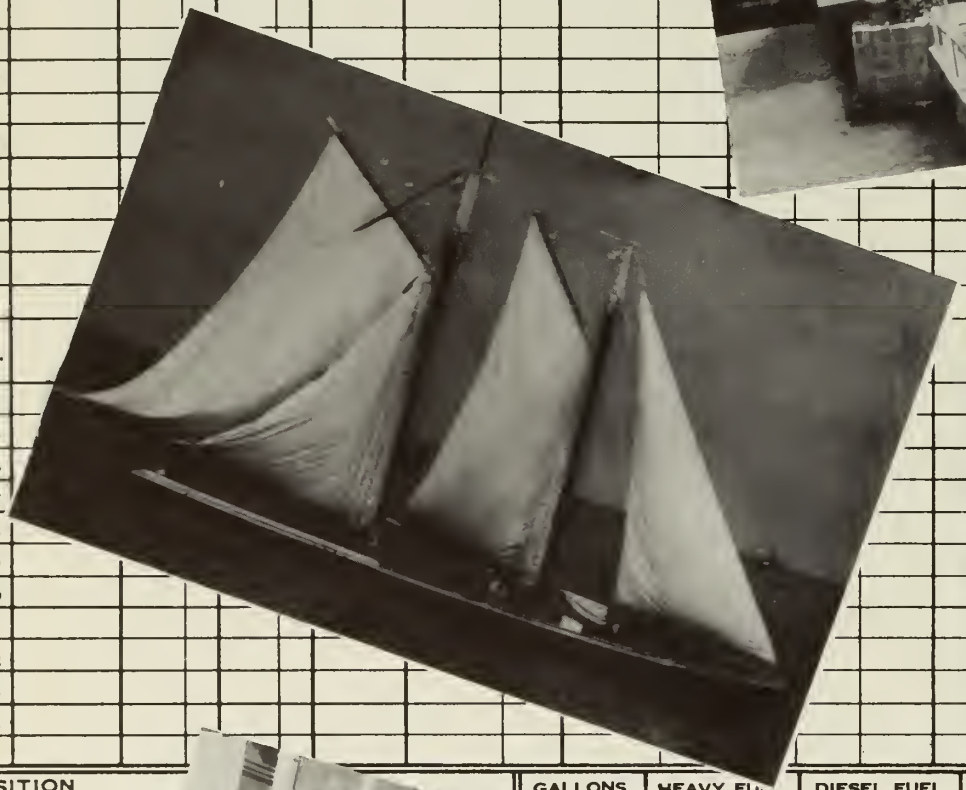

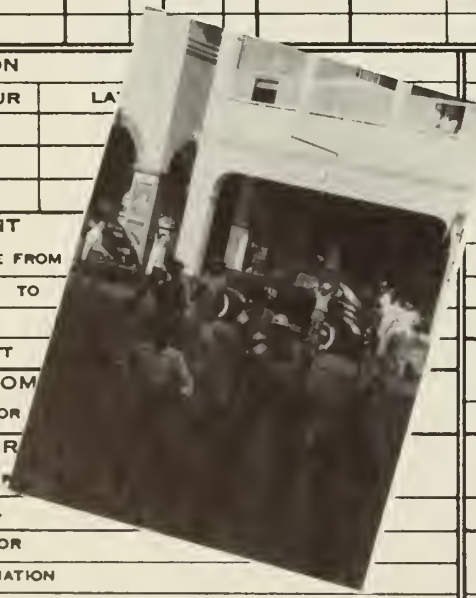

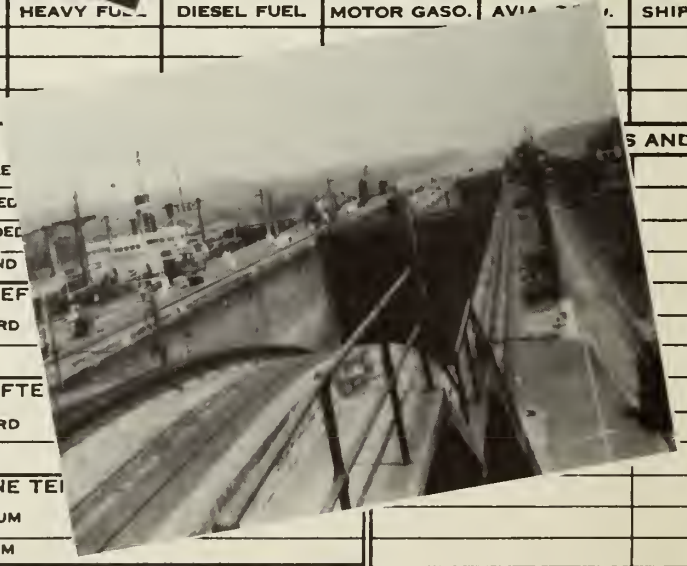

POSITION

HOUR	LA...
0800	
1200	
2000	

CURRENT

TIME FROM

TO

SET

DRIFT

GYRO COM...

ERROR

STANDAR...

COM...

S. H.

ERROR

VARIATION

DEVIATION

GALLONS	HEAVY FU...	DIESEL FUEL	MOTOR GASO.	AVIA...	SHIP LUB.
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...PENDED					
N HAND					

WATER

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RECEIVED

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AFTE...

SUBMERGED RUN DATA—SUBMARINES

	1	2	3	4	5

Charleston — Saturday 3 March, 1951
(Day) (Date) (Month)

REMARKS

1250 Starbord watch liberty party ashore. Simultaneously the tourists from the Mauretania and the Charleston arrived at the Carenage boat landing. A royal welcome was granted to all by the Barbados Aquatic Club. Many thanks for the swimming, boating, dancing, in short everything.

1600 - 2000 — Tuesday 6 March

Anchored as before in Bridgetown Harbor, Barbados.

1605 Commenced heaving around 1611 Underway.

R. J. Curran C.O.W.

0400 - 1200 — Wednesday 7 March

0404 Entered Gulf of Paria, Pt. de Cabras abeam. 0905 Mooring stations 0916 Off Pier Two (2) U.S.N.O.B., Trinidad. 0917 First line ashore.

P. T. Shortell, O.O.W.

1300 - Liberty party ashore. It was definately Navy Base deals. The facilities which included the swimming pool, golf course, tennis courts and baseball field were over. Those who made the nightly jaunt into town returned as full fledged calypsoers. It was here also that the baseball team chalked up its first spring training victory.

2000-2400

2214 — Entering Colon breakwater. 2238 - Pilot Horn aboard. Proceeded to dock. 2256 - First line ashore.

W. W. MacKenzie O.O.W.

Liberty party ashore. There was so much to see, we didn't know where to start. When it was over mostly all could claim the trip along the canal to Panama City and the Pacific. St. Patricks Night was celebrated at a dance in our honor. The paychecks came there and as a result the ships left with a draft increase of 6"; the cargo, alligator bags and Panama hats.

LOG OF THE UNITED STATES SHIP Charleston (Name) (Identification number)

(DELETE ONE) AT / PASSAGE FROM Trujillo, D.R. TO Kingston (Day) (Date) (Month)

ZONE DESCRIPTION _____ U. S. N. C

HOUR	SHAFT REVOLUTIONS	BY REVS.	BY LOG	COURSE MADE GOOD	WIND	TEMPERATURE AIR, DRY BULB	AIR, WET BULB	CLOUDS CEILING	CLOUDS MOVING FROM (In degrees true)
						11	12	18	19
A.M. 1									
2									
3									
4									
5									
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P.M. 13									
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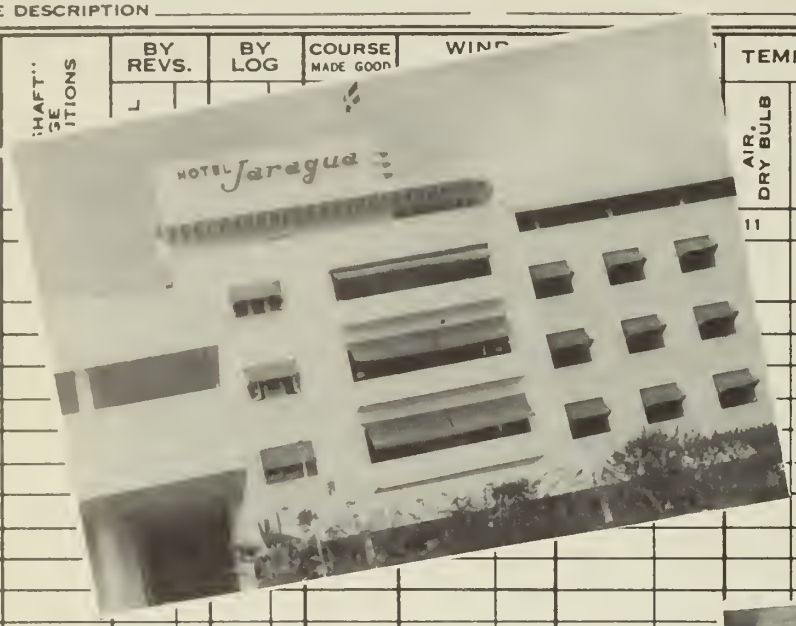

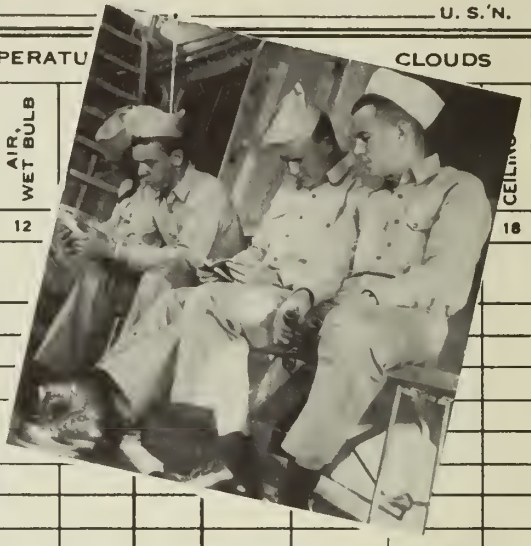

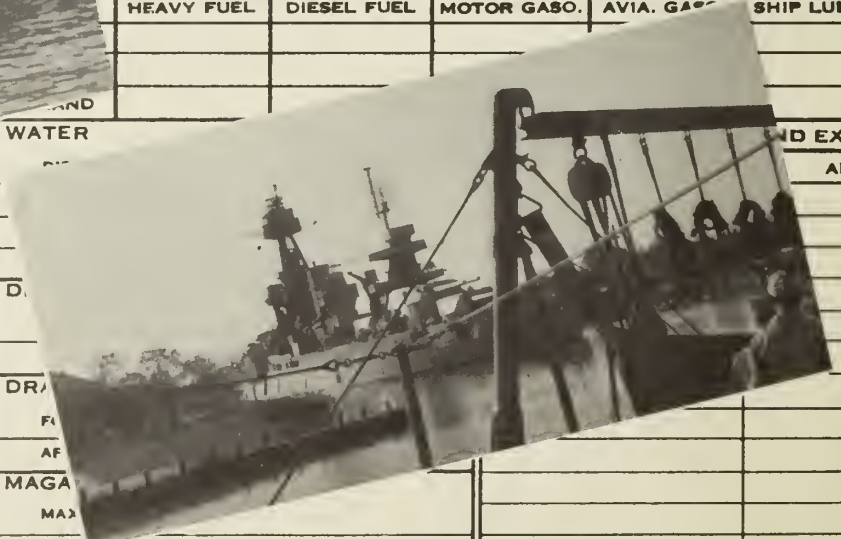

POSITION	HEAVY FUEL	DIESEL FUEL	MOTOR GASO.	AVIA. GAS	SHIP LUB.
HOUR					
0800					
1200					
2000					

CURRENT (DATE)

TIME FROM

TO

SET

DRIFT

GYRO COMPASS IN USE

ERROR

STANDARD MAGNETIC COMPASS

COMPASS NO.

S. H.

ERROR

VARIATION

DEVIATION

WATER

SUBMERGED RUN DATA—SUBMARINES

1	2	3	4	5

Charleston — Monday (Day) 19 (Date) March (Month), 1951

REMARKS

0800 - 1200

Moored as before. 1101 Unmoored from dock and proceeded out of Cristobal harbor at various speeds and courses. 1134 Colon breakwater abeam. log 8307.5

R. C. Petzold O.o.W.

1600 - 1800 — Thursday 22 March

1709 - Station the special sea detail and anchor detail. 1709 - Pilot aboard. Various courses and speeds entering Trujillo harbor. 1746 - Tied up to dock port side to.

K. D. White O. o. W.

Moored as before 1300 Liberty party ashore. Under the watchfull eye of General Trijillo's well armed police we stormed the beach. Prices were high and funds were low. Those who could beg borrow or steal a buck spent their day at the luxurious Hotel Jaragua pool. The oldest church in the new World, built over the remains of Columbus, beckoned many. Completed twenty years after his arrival, it became a major point of interest during our stay. Here and in the many other churches of the town Easter services were observed.

2000 - 2400 — FRIDAY 30 MARCH

2114 VARIOUS COURSES AND SPEEDS PROCEEDING TO ANCHORAGE EAST of GALVESTON BREAKWATER JETTY LIGHT 2153 LET GO STARBORD ANCHOR.

L. M. Eagan O.O.W.

1000 Arrived off Houston City Warf #3. Liberty party ashore. We were back in the States and it was great. No time was lost in rehabilitating ourselves to the American way of life. Through the generosity of the Propellor Club + Red Cross, it became a question of which section would pull the next deal. Long to be remembered are Clem McCarthy's invitation to the Shamrock, the radio show with Kathryn Grayson, the dinners, tours, plays + dances all made possible in Texas, by Texans.

LOG OF THE UNITED STATES SHIP Charleston (Name) (Identification number)

(DELETE ONE) ~~AT~~ / PASSAGE FROM Ft Lauderdale TO Washington D.C. (Day) (Date) (Month)

ZONE DESCRIPTION _____ U. S. N.

HOUR	"ALL SHAFT" AVERAGE REVOLUTIONS	BY REVS. NAUTICAL MILES	BY REVS. TENTHS	BY LOG UTICAL ES	BY LOG HS	COURSE MADE GOOD GYRO	WIN	TEMPERATURE d	TEMPERATURE AIR, WET BULB	TEMPERATURE WATER MAIN INJECTION	WEATHER BY SYMBOLS	CLOUDS FORM LOW	CLOUDS FORM MIDDLE	CLOUDS FORM HIGH	CLOUDS CEILING	CLOUDS MOVING FROM (In degrees true)
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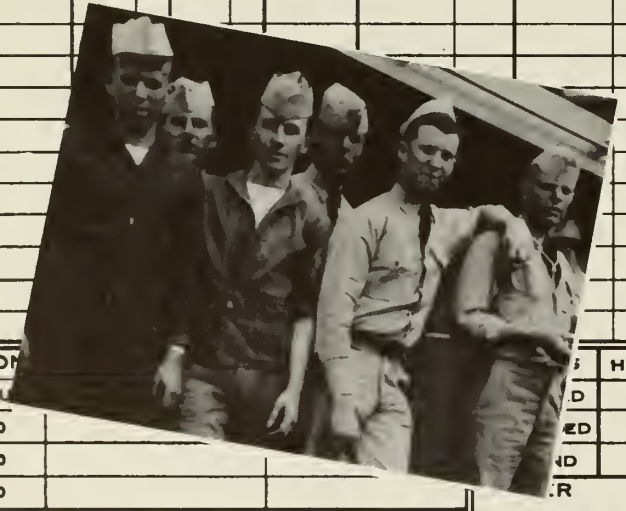

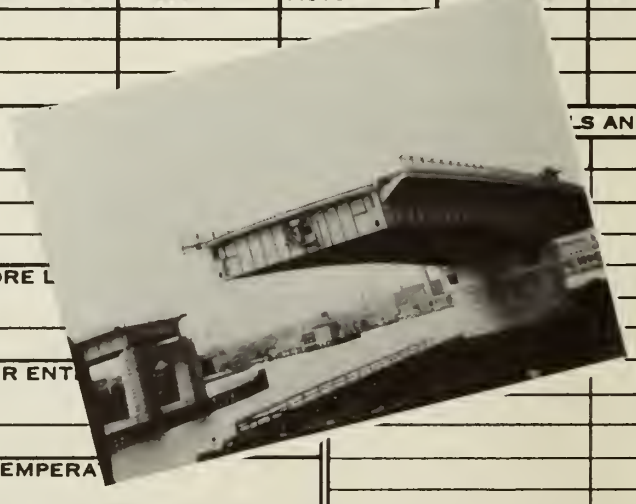

POSITION		HEAVY FUEL	DIESEL FUEL	MOTOR GASO.	AVI... SO.	SHIP LUB.
HOU...	D					
0800	ED					
1200	ND					
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CURRENT	(HOUR)	(DATE)
TIME FROM		
TO		
SET		
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DISTILLED	
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ON HAND	

GYRO COMPASS IN USE	
ERROR	

DRAFT BEFORE L...	
FORWARD	
AFT	

STANDARD MAGNETIC COMPASS	
COMPASS NO.	
S. H.	
ERROR	
VARIATION	
DEVIATION	

DRAFT AFTER ENT...	
FORWARD	
AFT	

MAGAZINE TEMPERA...	
MAXIMUM	
MINIMUM	

...LS AND EXE...

	AFT

SUBMERGED RUN DATA—SUBMARINES

1	2	3	4	5

Charleston — Wednesday 4 April, 19 51
(Day) (Date) (Month)

REMARKS

1200-1600

Moored as before. 1240 Station special sea detail. 1251 Pilot A. C. Rose aboard. 1259 Let go lines, left pier, pilot at the conn. Various courses and speeds to conform to channel.

James L. Childs, O.O.W.

1200-1600 Saturday 7 April

Steaming on various courses at various speeds entering port. 1325 First line ashore. 1330 Finished with engines. 1420 Received on board from Home Milk Co. fifty (50) gallons of fresh milk for the general mess.

— Lawrence A. Caporal O.O.W.

Moored as before 0930 Liberty party ashore. Here we were in fabulous Florida. Most of us set a course immediatly to Miami for those less afflicted by the wanderlust the beautiful town of Ft. Lauderdale provided more than enough amusement. Soon it was time to pack away the swim trunks and sun glasses. The next and last port of call was Washington. As we moved gently out of the harbor on to the broad Atlantic the sight of the Gulf stream brought to our bank upon sportsters a few sad memories of their recent visit "But alas the track by any other name would have smelled as sweet"

0800-1200 Tuesday 10 April

Moored as before 0930 Pilot Jackson aboard 1007 all lines gone. 1046 Dismissed pilot set course to 044 T and C.

John T. Howes O.O.W.

1600-2000 Thursday 12 April

Underway as before up Chesapeke Bay. 1719 Entering Potomac River 1832 Maneuvering coming to anchor. 1839 Anchored to starboard anchor. Thirty (30) fathoms of chain in four (4) fathoms of water.

E. S. Zielinski Jr. O.O.W.

LOG OF THE UNITED STATES SHIP Charleston (Name) (Identification number)

(DELETE ONE) AT / PASSAGE FROM Washington D.C. TO Boston (Day) (Date) (Month)

ZONE DESCRIPTION _____ U. S. N. CC

	BY REVS.	BY LOG	COURSE	METER (CORRECTED)	TEMPERATURE		CLOUDS		
				READING AT THER.	AIR, DRY BULB	AIR, WET BULB	FORM	ILING	MOVING FROM (In degrees true)
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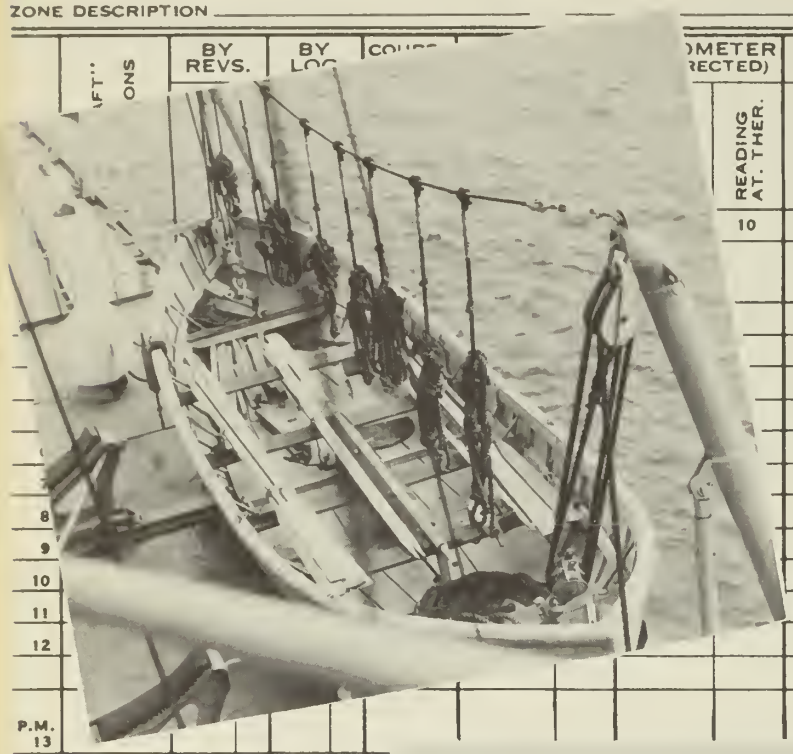

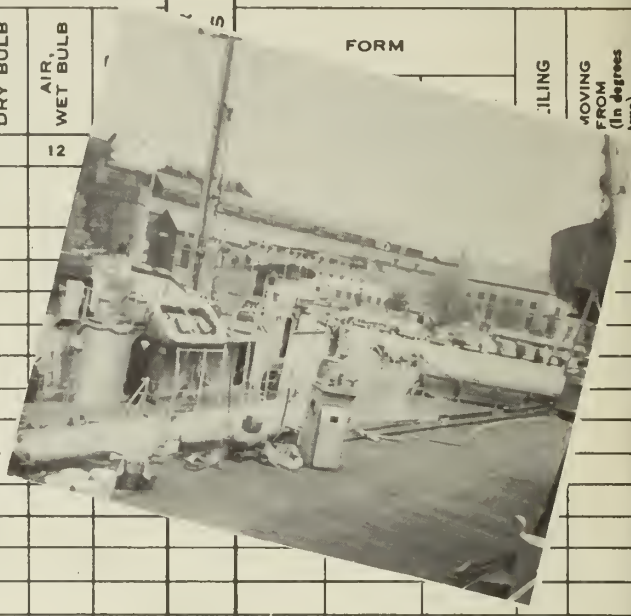

POSITION

HOUR	LATITUDE		ASO.	SHIP LUB.
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1200				
2000				

DRILLS AND EXERC

CURRE (DATE)

TI

GYF

ST/

DEVIA

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DISTILLED		
RECEIVED		
EXPENDED		
ON HAND		
DRAFT BEFORE LEAVING		
FORWARD		
AFT		
DRAFT AFTER EN		
FORWARD		
AFT		
MAGAZINE TEMPER		
MAXIMUM		
MINIMUM		

SUBMERGED RUN DATA—SUBMARIN

1	2	3	4	5

Charleston Friday 13 April, 1951
(Day) (Date) (Month)

REMARKS

0400-0800
AT ANCHOR AS BEFORE 0540. SET SPECIAL SEA DETAIL 0556. ANCHOR AWEIGH
P.F. MAGINNIS O.O.W.

1200-1600
Underway. 1300 Mount Vernon abeam, rendered appropriate honors passing Washington's tomb. 1445 Passed under drawbridge. 1502 Alongside Pier #3. S.E. sidy. port side to.
E.A. Arcikowski, O.O.W.

Moored as before. Liberty party ashore. What more could we ask for? Ashore we were, and with us were the recently acquired checks. For the next three days the nations capitol was toured inside out. Although a week late for cherry blossom time, the middies were right on time to witness our many shrines in their full Spring beauty. Pressed for time we could but glimpse at the museums, the memorials and the monuments.

0800-1200 Tuesday 17, April
0800 Moored as before. 0806 Captain Hardy aboard with commissioner Sullivan. 0855 Governor Paul A. Dever and aide aboard 1045 Commissioner Sullivan ashore. 1125 All engines ahead standard proceeding down Potomac River.
D.C. Stratosky O.O.D.

1200-1600 Wednesday 18 April
Various courses and speeds up the Delaware River to Wilmington 1326 Let go port anchor 1329 Captain's gig waterborne 1339 Captains gig left ship with Gov. Dever and aide and Pilot L.S. Buxton 1411 Captains gig secured 1416 Port anchor aweigh.
J.B. Ogan O.O.D.

Thursday 19 April
1600-2000
Underway on various courses up Boston Harbor 1618 Graves light abeam to port. 1700 #9 boat away. -Alongside pier. 1723 Moored port side to, west side of Commonwealth Pier, Boston, Mass. 1800 Liberty

Third Cruise

I Boston.

One day precedes the Calends of March,
Hope raises up her strengthening arms:
Were we to search the sea's sly arch,
And taste the tropics tempting charms?
'The Brass' said, "Yes" emphatically;
We nodded — automatically.
The skeptics said, "They're wrong again,
No cruise this year for sure." — and then
Our patience had its just reward;
By sixteen hundred we had quit
The fueling pier, with all aboard;
And anchored off *Bird Island Spit.*
The morrow morn snow hid *The Fort* —
The Charleston left proud *Boston-port.*

II Martinique

Deer Island Light now lay well aft;
With fog and weather set in thick
Our pitching, tossing, rolling craft
Held scarcity not sore and sick.
Five fair days followed for that week,
The sixth saw specious *Martinique;*
And crowded Whale-boats coursed the quay
Of *Fort-de-France* 'neath *Mount Pelee.*
The Blacks bark *'Patois'* — harsh hubub,
Les Vins-de-France and local beer;
Hotel Air France and *Lido Club,*
Mad taxi-ride — first swim this year.
To church on Sunday, then to Sea;
By Tuesday noon we'll raise *B.G.*

III Georgetown, British Guiana

At dawn the shallow shoal was crossed,
That sets The River from The Bay;
Our lines to *Booker's Wharf* we tossed —
To port the streets of *Georgetown* lay.
Where *Demerara Rum* comes from,
And Bauxite for Aluminum;
Where vibrant Jungle Orchids throng,
And silken Scotch is sold for song.
The Mariner's Club — two dances there;
A Concert, tours, and tennis too.
Oh, cool blue eyes and warm fair hair,
With heads a-whirl we bow to you!
The Ides of March some hearts were sad —
We left *B.G.* for *Trinidad.*

IV Naval Operations Base, Trinidad

The sea watch set, we sailed northwest,
Three hundred eighty miles — then through
Boca Del Dragon we progressed,
Till *Chagaramus* rose to view.
Pipe praises to the PX — cheer!
Here's ice-cream, hot-dogs, pop-corn, beer.
The theatre, gym, and pool poured fun —
A baseball game (of course we won.)
In *Port-of-Spain* they'd just recover'd
From King *Carnival's* sharp screech;
Calypso Singers 'round us hover'd
(Their 'hit-parade' was led by *'Kitch'*.)
Next day rose rich — sea calm, sky clear,
To *Haiti* now our course we'll steer.

V Port-au-Prince, Haiti

In *Gonave Channel's* azure tide,
Between two verdant arms of shore;
Past huts on stilts, 'neath green hill side,
The stately *Charleston's* gray form bore.
Here's *Haiti* — home of heathen health,
So steeped in secret, shrouded stealth;
Who heard the Devil's Acolytes,
With Voodoo Drums hold Voodoo Rites?
We visited *The Market Place:*
Bought French Perfume and silver art,
Mahogany, Imported Lace —
For Mother, Sister, and Sweetheart.
The Thorland Club — *Casino* gay,
Then off for *Galveston,* next day.

VI Galveston, Texas

On our approach to *Tanker's Row;*
The latticed, towering oil wells
In Monday morning's mellow glow,
Stood seeming silent sentinels.
The Lone Star State — the Wooly West.
"If it's made in *Texas* it's the best" —
Our country would be lost without it,
(Ask any Texan if you doubt it!)
And *Galveston* — city of sin:
Post Office Street where Red Lights glow;
The gambling house — The night club's din;
The discord, glitter, noise, and show.
A trip to *Baytown's* banks ensues —
For fuel. And Friday — *Vera Cruz.*

VII Vera Cruz, Mexico

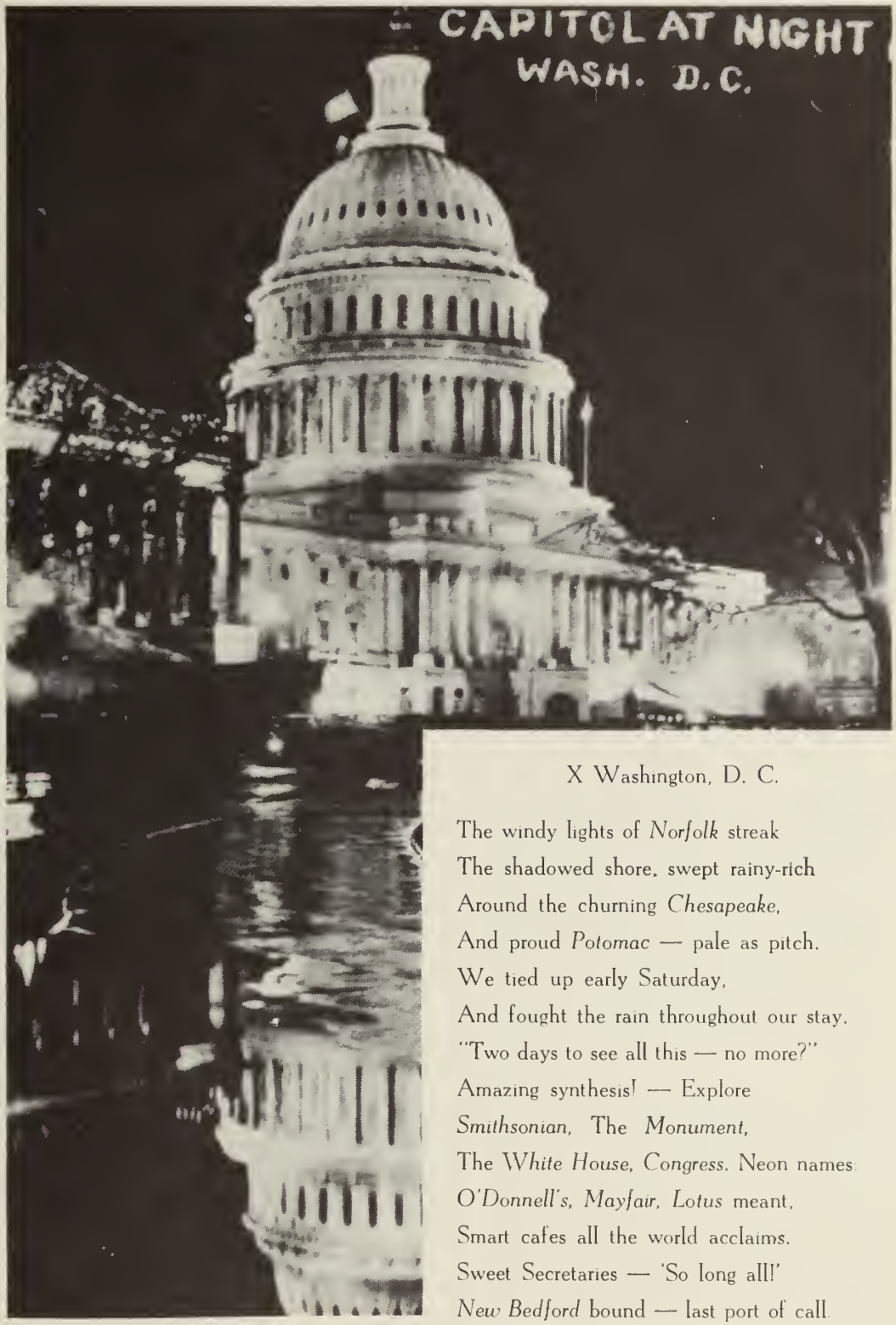
Sea-bound for *Sunny Mexico;*
The moon creeps her nocturnal race,
This magic night our minds foreshow
Mantilla veiling Spanish Face.
Four velvet nights, four sparkling days:
Dark hair delights; dark eyes ablaze
Made many mariner's muses roam
Far from fair faces waiting home.
La Escuela Nautica's crew —
Three dances (one on our Main Deck.)
Guadalajara — Mambo, too;
A trip to *Fort Chapultapec.*
Sad farewells to our Latin Queens,
Then north again to *New Orleans.*

VIII New Orleans, La.

The Mississippi's muddy brown
Made mushrooms in The Gulf's green grace.
Up *Southwest Pass* by *Pilottown*
We coursed our swift, determined pace.
New Orleans' alleys old and famed;
Here's *Bourbon Street* (a lane well-named),
The hammering heart of Jazz still heats
Perdido, Basin, Rampart Streets.
The Sisters', Antoines — French Cuisine,
Before our liberties expire,
We'll view The *Vieux Carre's* strident scene,
And ride the Streetcar named 'Desire'.
In Wednesday evening's choppy chill,
The *Charleston* hauled for *Jacksonville.*

IX Jacksonville, Florida

The fairest passage of our trip:
Warm sun, smooth seas, soft sky, bland breeze.
Great anchor's grip secured the ship,
Near *Silver Beach's* white palm trees.
The morn of April, twentieth day,
We rode The *Saint Johns'* brackish spray
(Beneath The *Bascule Bridge* renowned)
To *Jacksonville's* squat shore and found:
The Little Women's dancing mien;
The Naval Airbase (there's a deal!)
Marineland in *Saint Augustine;*
And *Jax Beer* with its bold appeal.
Soft sweeps of sand sank with the sun —
We rode rough seas for *Washington.*



X Washington, D. C.

The windy lights of *Norfolk* streak
The shadowed shore, swept rainy-rich
Around the churning *Chesapeake,*
And proud *Potomac* — pale as pitch.
We tied up early Saturday,
And fought the rain throughout our stay.
"Two days to see all this — no more?"
Amazing synthesis! — Explore
Smithsonian, The *Monument,*
The *White House, Congress.* Neon names:
O'Donnell's, Mayfair, Lotus meant,
Smart cafes all the world acclaims.
Sweet Secretaries — 'So long all!'
New Bedford bound — last port of call.

XI New Bedford, Mass.

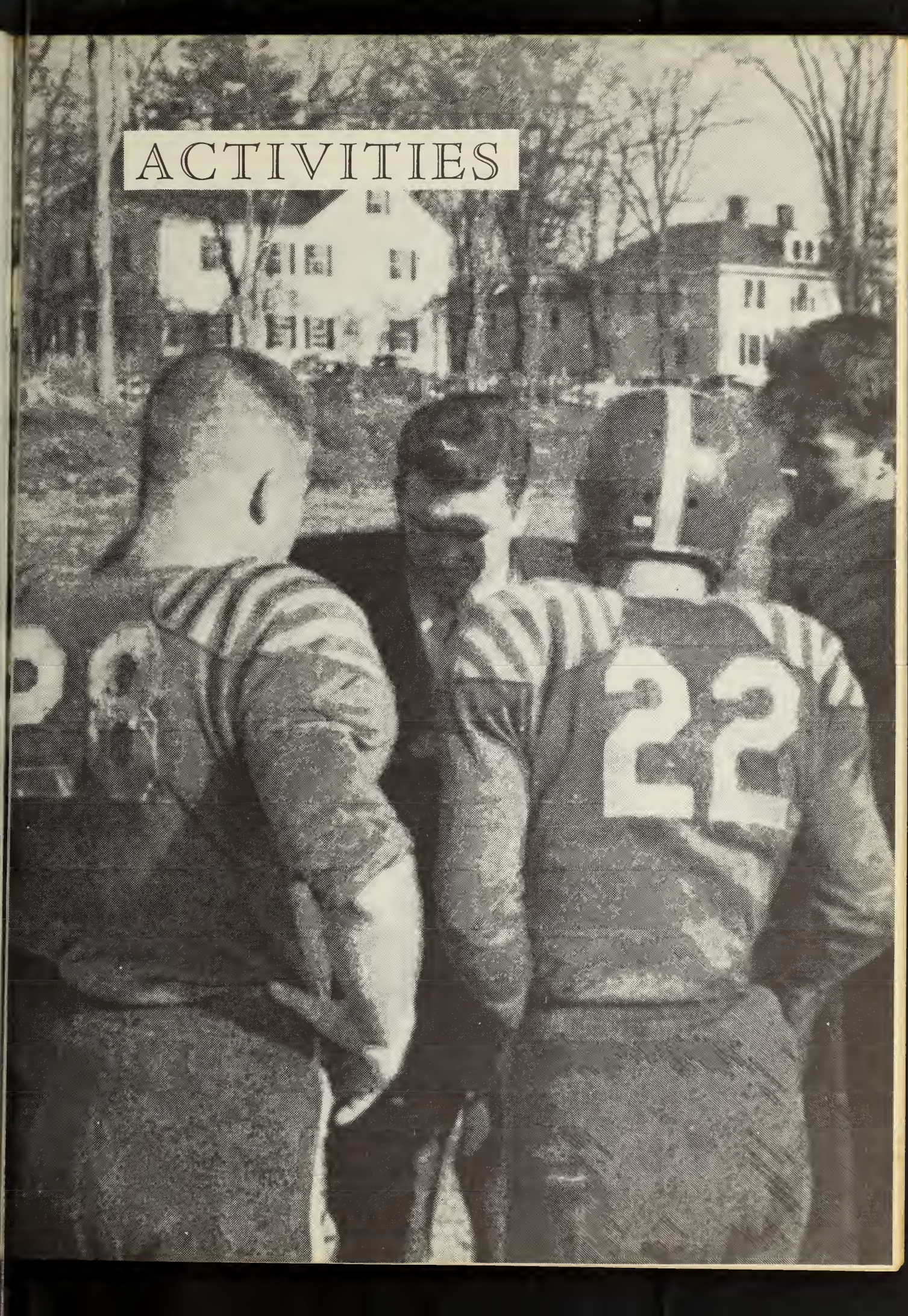
Block Island Light abeam once more,
In *Vineyard Sound* at six o'clock;
Clark Point passed then the Lyle Gun's roar —
At eight reunions on the dock.
Our seabags full, ashore we ran;
Pale faces greeting those of tan.
A band boomed, "Welcome to our shore."
Though most went home, we can't ignore:
The Museum with its whaling myths;
The Draggers seething salty smell.
The Jolly Whaler, Burt's, and *Smith's*
The Dance — (New Bedford's best hotel.)
The Port Watch, on the fifth of May,
Returned the ship to *Buzzard's Bay.*

XII Omega

The Generators cease to scare us
(It only was the noise, you know.)
And Star-sights now don't seem to wear us,
As they did ten weeks ago.
Our learning mixed with fervid fun,
Our consort voyaging is done;
And when we graduate this fall,
In retrospect we shall recall:
Though not immortal music played;
To us its melody was grand,
Who lived that simple serenade,
Conducted by *Saint Elmo's* hand.
The players leave — the concert's through;
So ends the *Cruise of Fifty-two.*

— Lawrence A. Caporal Jr.

ACTIVITIES



FOOTBALL

Falmouth All Stars	6
Mass. Maritime Acad.	6

A warm Saturday night on the 29th of August saw a hopeful Academy eleven take the field against the always powerful Falmouth Semi-pro Team. It was a game that kept everyone on the edge of their seats. Our line played as though it was a mid-season game. Falmouth took an early lead in the second period on a 20 yard pass, but after one of Coach Harrington's stellar half time talks, our team came fighting back to score. The game ended with our Middies on the Falmouth 15. Mention should be made, of our two great linemen, Paul Maginnis and Dick White who took up their favorite sport with new strength.

Worcester Poly-Tech	46
Mass. Maritime Acad.	6

Although certainly not indicated by the score the team was very impressive. Again the line play was top notch. As evidence W.P.I. took to the air after two attempts on the ground and they never came back to mother earth. In the fourth period Jones threw a long one to Bob Spratt who made one of his famous basketball catches for the lone Maritime score. To the surprise of a few us who followed our club last season, more than three fourths of the entire school was there. Hats off to those who were there and to: Bob Spratt, Paul Maginnis, Dick White, Dick Curran, Art Panora, Bill Fitzpatrick, Bob Rugani.

Adelphi College	41
Mass. Maritime Acad.	0

With five minutes remaining to half time, the score was 0-0. Suddenly the Cadets were behind by three T.D.'s. Our pass defense was lacking. The second half was a continuation of the first half. Our reserve strength was poor; injuries were once more plaguing our boys. The line was once again terrific. A serious clog entered into our wheel of progress on the return to the Academy when an onrushing auto hit one of our cars. We lost Frank Boyle and Chooch Lawler for the rest of the season.

Mass. Maritime Acad.	19
New York Aggies	0

The Middies were sparked by the return of Dave Kaye. It was Dave's first game since the end of our last season. As in most fiction stories the old injured player came through; Dave scored the first touchdown from eight yards out. Jones to Curran for the extra point. After the kickoff, N.Y. was driven back to her own five where Pete Peterson broke through to block the kick. The ball rolled through the end zone where after the referee had unpiled the players it was found that Pete was on the bottom. A few minutes later Larson intercepted a pass and raced 56 yards for the final tally. The two Fishes, Ed and Larry plus Kaye and McDonough were in the limelight.

Dean Academy	25
Mass. Maritime Acad.	0

A surprisingly strong Dean team turned back the "Fighting Sailors" on a beautiful Fall day. It turned out to be the same story as our line was at its usual peak. Dave Kaye racked off several gains, two of them could have been T.D.'s had the key block been thrown. The play of the day was made by Dean when an M.M.A. punt was run back seventy yards. Mr. Harrington said that, "though we had previously played out of our class this would be our game." Why did we have to have an off day?

Loyola University	0
Mass. Maritime Acad.	0

After an enjoyable trip to Montreal, the team settled down to prepare for a two-day visit with our neighbors to the North. As the game approached the sky darkened and, sure enough, the snow began to fall. It snowed all day and at game time there was six inches on the ground. It was a see saw battle all the way, each side unable to cope with both opponent and weather. It was Dave Kaye again on offense. But for the presence of their safety man, Dave would have scored. In the last period Loyola moved to our nine, but in four tries got nowhere. Slightly disappointed with the outcome, the team remained to enjoy an evening in this wonderful and memorable city.

Maine Maritime Acad.	25
Mass. Maritime Acad.	0

The team arrived in Castine with high hopes of once again beating the "Mainiacs" and retaining the coveted trophy for good. Kaye was out along with our other fullbacks. Present at game time were the Admiral and Mrs. Wilson and a select group of Midshipmen who decided they would brave the cold to see our annual high-pitched rivalry. The roof fell in on us and our high hopes were soon forgotten as Maine proved to be too much for us. It was a hard fought game all the way, the deciding factor was probably the loss of Kaye. The team deserves much credit for the spirit and fight exhibited.

Mass. Maritime Acad.	7
Barnstable Townies	0

The team did finally end their season with a victory. Throughout the game both sides played classy football. Another magnificent goal-line stand highlighted the team's defensive play. At this point the underclassmen began to click. Jones threw one of his long ones which after being deflected several times landed in Ken Hasset's hands. A pass, Curran to Boyle, got the team its seven points. It was the last game for the upper class and for "Doc O'Connor", the team trainer. A fine game was played by all. Mr. Harrington can look forward to a promising season next year.

Class of 1952
Varsity Football Players
Robert Spratt (co-capt.)
Paul Maginnis (co-capt.)
Richard White
C. David Kaye
Richard Curran
Robert Rugani
Arthur Panora
William Fitzpatrick
Bruce Peters
Wayne O'Neil
Arthur Lubris
Dean Statouly
Lawrence Eagan

FOOTBALL FIRST COMMITTEE

While touring the Cape on a routine talent scouting project for the "Little Brick Warehouse Theatre", Ceeil B. DeSheehy stumbled upon a superlative comedy act. What he saw was the most spectacular exhibition ever seen on Buzzards Bay's Broadway. The team of Earl "Elf" Barnum and Warren "Rick" Shaw signed a beer stained document and bid adieu to café society to perform with other talent such as Bill Kelley, "Doc" Quinlan, and Bobby Duke. The orchestra which invariably appeared in the Pit was none other than Bill Pattee and his Barefoot Cranberry Pickers. The opening show was attended by many noted broadway critics whose reviews could be summarized with one word — "Schoosch". We give our thanks to the Committee which was not only responsible for raising the student body's interest in football but for the many benefit shows given about the Cape.

BASKETBALL

Putting a team on the court for the second year of its history, the Middies despite adverse conditions played hard ball. Under the leadership of able Captain Paul Davidson the team practiced faithfully whenever they could and showed the will-to-win spirit in all their games. Davidson, Bill Hendy, Ronnie Duke, Dick Curran, and Bob Rugani played their last year of ball giving the team the necessary needed experience. Franky Boyle, noted for his good defensive work along with Dave Gerety and Fran Mycue were other mainstays on the team. High scorer for the team and a top center was third classman, Brud Healy. Mario Ciaramaglia and Sonny Scanlon, other dependable men, rounded out the squad.

INTRAMURAL

BASKETBALL

The third annual renewal of our intramural basketball league got underway in the latter part of November. The upperclass teams proved to be too much competition for the rest of the league. It was a battle between Chuck Roden, Dick Curran, Bruce Peters, Dick Jackson and Jim Childs against Bob Spratt, Don Pratt, Wayne O'Neil and Omah Sullivan. In a thrilling playoff the deckmen squeezed by to become champs.

BASEBALL

The first practice session was held in Georgetown, B.G. It was evident from the start that the club from Buzzards Bay was due for a banner season. With each cruise stopover the practice drills were accompanied by games. At the completion of Spring training, (Mexican League Style) the totals read six victories, no losses. Then the cruise ended. The league opener was only a week away. The spirit and intentions of the team was never more evident as the players gave up the greater portion of their leave for daily practice. Key figures among the early list of "Harrington Hopefuls" were such newcomers as: Seamans, O'Leary, Ward, and McDonough.

The Upper Cape Cod League was soon underway. Pre-season forecasters had the Middies pegged for last place. They were soon to be seen with red faces. Early victims of the Mariners assault were the first, second, and third choices of the experts. Behind some great pitching by Richy O'Leary and Barry Dennis the team moved into a respectable position around the circuit. The summer wore on and such veterans as Boyle, Fitzpatric, Hendy, and Flynn managed to distinguish themselves in the field and at bat. As a result fans from Cape Cod witnessed the best local baseball in years and the sailors from Buzzards Bay their best team in years.

CLASS OFFICERS

President ..... Donald J. Flynn
Vice President ..... Paul J. Davidson
Treasurer ..... Albert A. Arena
Secretary ..... Richard F. Curran

MUSTER STAFF

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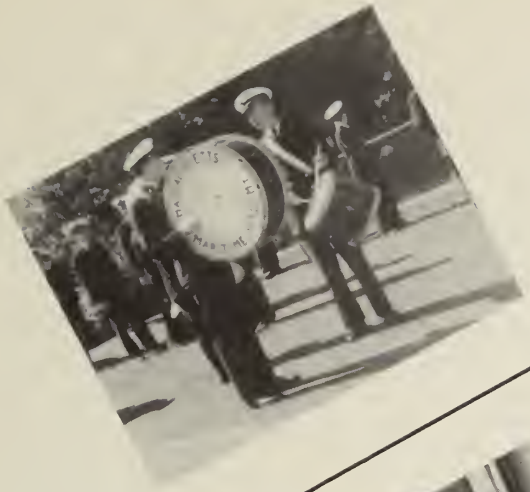
Managing Editor ..... Robert J. Rugani
Literary Editor ..... Richard F. Curran
Art Editor ..... Walter F. Sullivan
Business Manager ..... Lincoln B. Shea
Sports Editor .....Bruce A. Peters

From the early cries of "Change everything!" to a subdued but still spirited motto, "The best book ever," the staff of the 1952 Muster has worked tirelessly through the past year. The book lost a staunch supporter and the staff, a wonderful advisor with the sudden departure of Lt. Comdr. Clark. To him and to the present moderator Lt. Clogston must go much of the credit of the Muster. The pleasure that this publication might cause in the years to come is more than sufficient to balance the efforts of all.

The Band progressed a long way the three years our class was at the Academy. From one pitifully small array of "upper job" stalls and young men, which comprised the band when we first arrived, the organization grew annually until it became an important part of almost every academy function. Some of their activities included football games, rallies and local parades.



THE MARINAIRES

Through the kind co-operation of Capt. Thompson a piano was moved into the physics lab during the fall of our first class year. Soon, the little quartet, which became known as "The Marinaires", was grinding out tunes during odd moments. While their repertoire was limited only by their ideas of what to play, that is, on a "you name it, we'll play it in E-flat basis," the works of George Shearing, the Mambo and the Blues were most likely to be heard floating through evening studies. Appearances were made at hospitals, Kiwanis Clubs, athletic banquets, rallies, and various business establishments.

DANCE COMMITTEE

The success of any affair depends largely upon the degree of planning and arranging done by those responsible. This was the task placed in the hands of the Ring Dance Committee. Starting before our '51 cruise, the committee began the preliminary steps necessary to a successful Ring dance. Boston was searched in order to find a suitable location and many orchestras were auditioned. Final plans were drawn up late in the summer of '51, the dance was to be at the Hotel Somerset the following October.

After weeks of waiting the night finally arrived. The floral ring, the programs and the favors brought many compliments to the Committee. Their efforts were well spent in making a memorable evening for all.

Chairman, George P. Sampson
Co-chairman, Paul Maginnis
Lawrence Caporal
Arak R. Naroian
Robert C. Farmer
Donald J. Flynn

RING DANCE

Thank You.....

This account of our contribution to the tradition of the Academy has been made possible by your good will and friendly support.

May we thank you all for your share in our history.

The Editors

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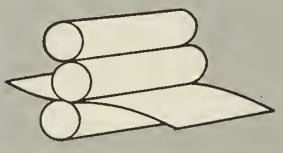

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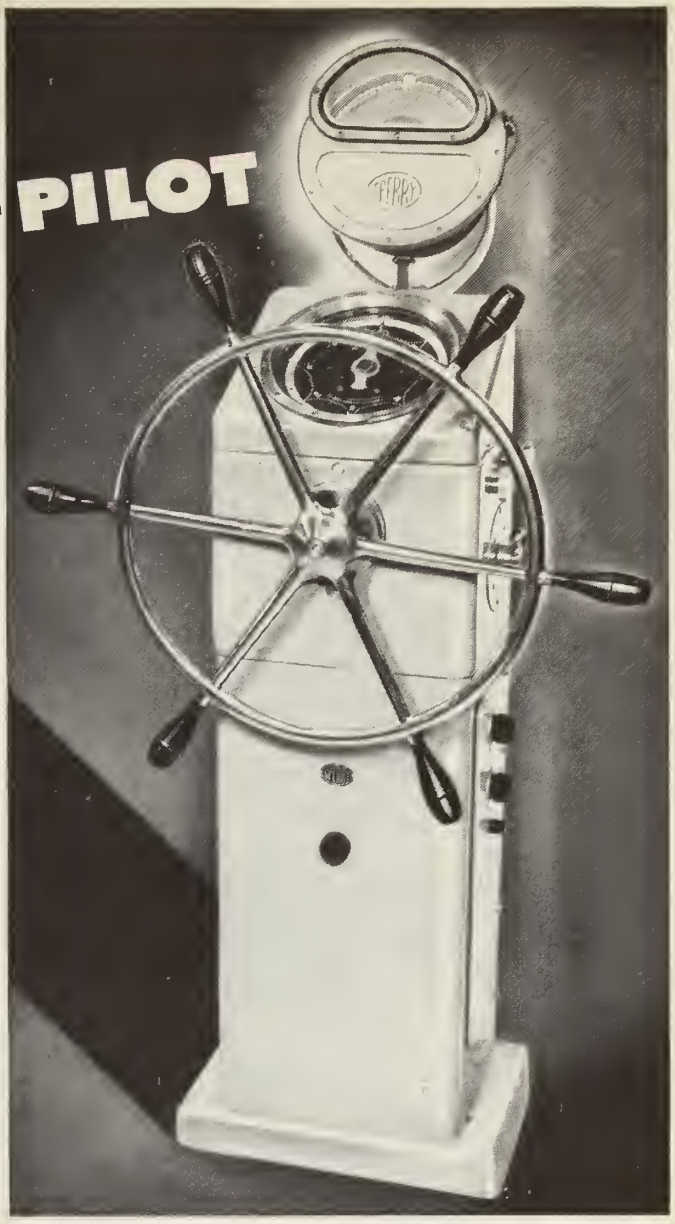

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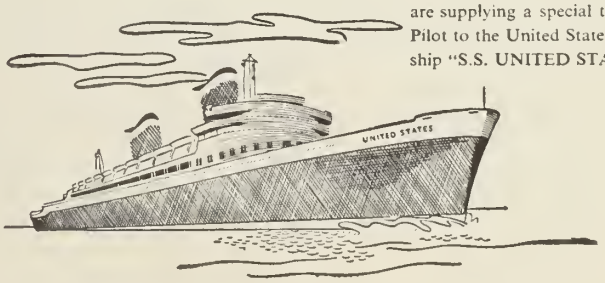

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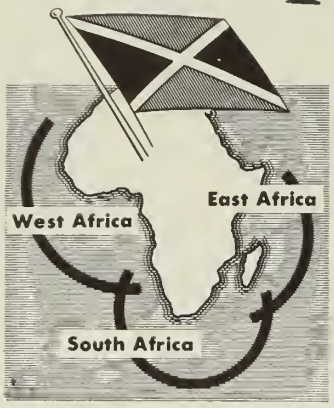

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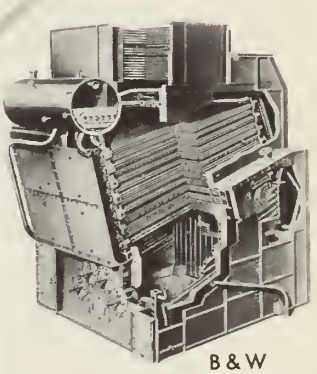

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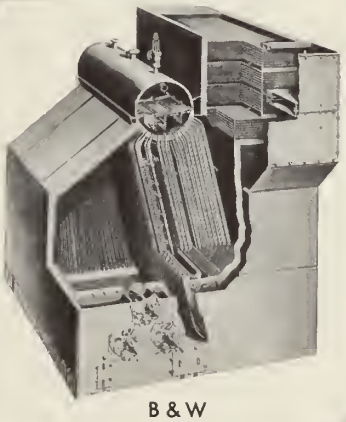

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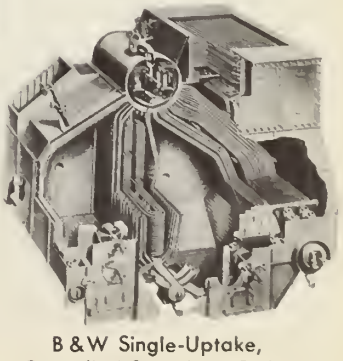

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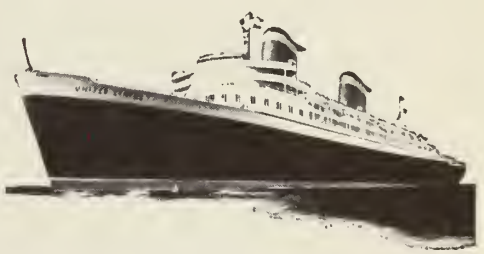

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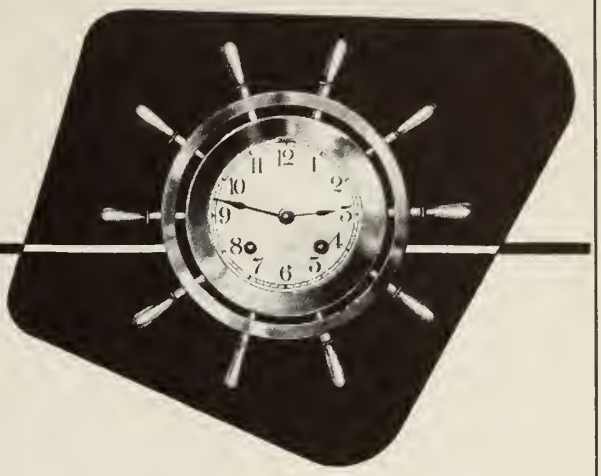

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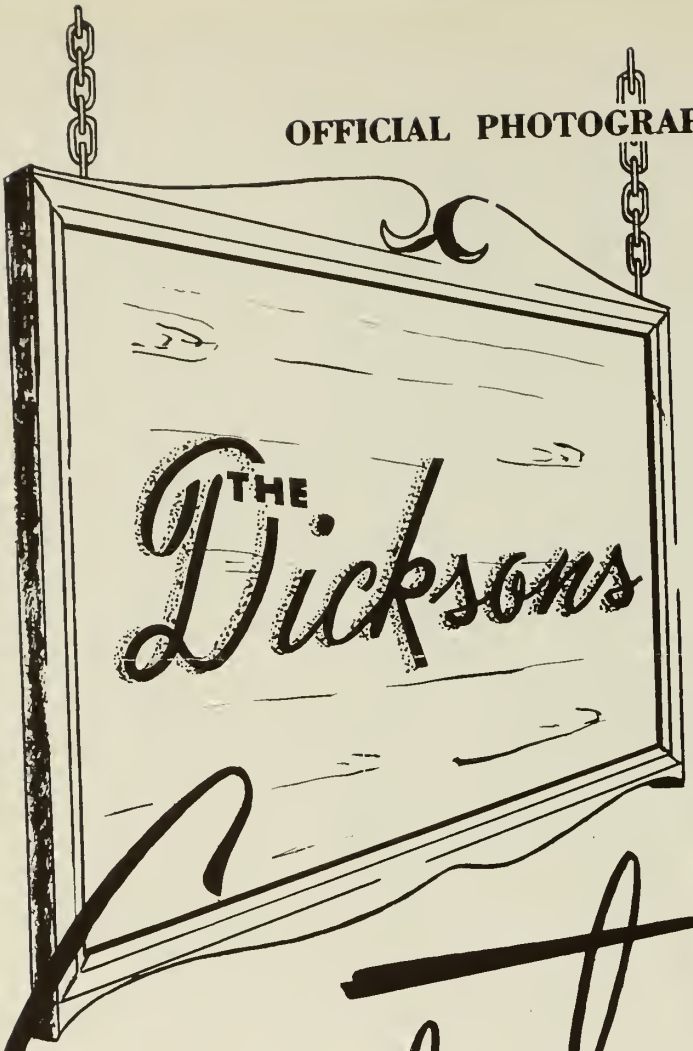

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